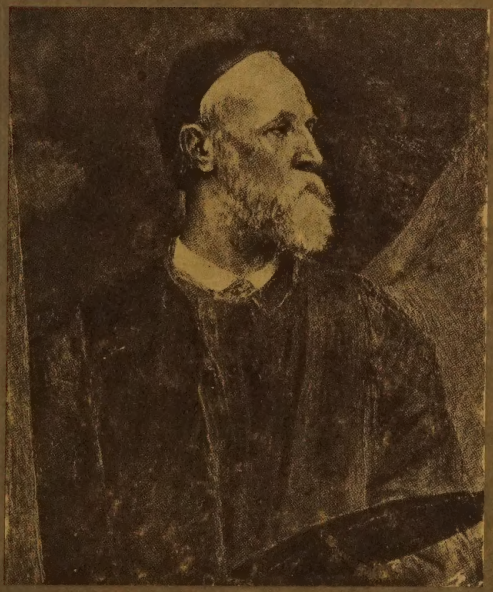
BRITISH ARTISTS

WATTS



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BRITISH ARTISTS

WATTS

Edited by S. C. KAINES SMITH, M.A.

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EDITED BY

S. C. KAINES SMITH, M.A., M.B.E.

The volumes at present arranged comprise the following, here given in (approximately) chronological order.

Vol.

I. The XVI. Century Painters. With a note on the influence of Holbein.

II. Cornelius Johnson and Jamesone.

III. Dobson and Walker. With a note on the work of Van Dyck in England.

IV. Lely and Kneller.

V. J. Riley, Greenhill, J. M Wright, and Mary Beale.

VI. Thornhill, Jervas, Dandridge, Richardson, and Hudson.

VII. Hogarth.

VIII. Richard Wilson and Joseph Farington.

IX. Reynolds.

X. Gainsborough.

XI. Romney.

XII. Wright of Derby.

XIII. Paul Sandby, Towne, Cozens. With a note on the rise of water-colour painting.

XIV. B. West, J. S. Copley, and G. Stuart. With a note on American painting in the XVIII. Century.

XV. Barker of Bath, and the Bath Painters.

Vol.

XVI. Kauffman, Bartolozzi, and Zoffany. With a note on Foreign Members of the Royal Academy in 1768.

XVII. Downman and Dance.

XVIII. Hoppner.

XIX. Opie and Cosway.

XX. Raeburn.

XXI. Rowlandson.

XXII. Blake.

XXIII. Morland and Ibbetson.

XXIV. John (old) Crome. With a note on the Norwich School.

XXV. Lawrence.

XXVI. James Ward.

XXVII. Girtin and Bonington.

XXVIII. Constable.

XXIX. Cotman.

XXX. Cox.

XXXI. De Wint.

XXXII. Copley Fielding.

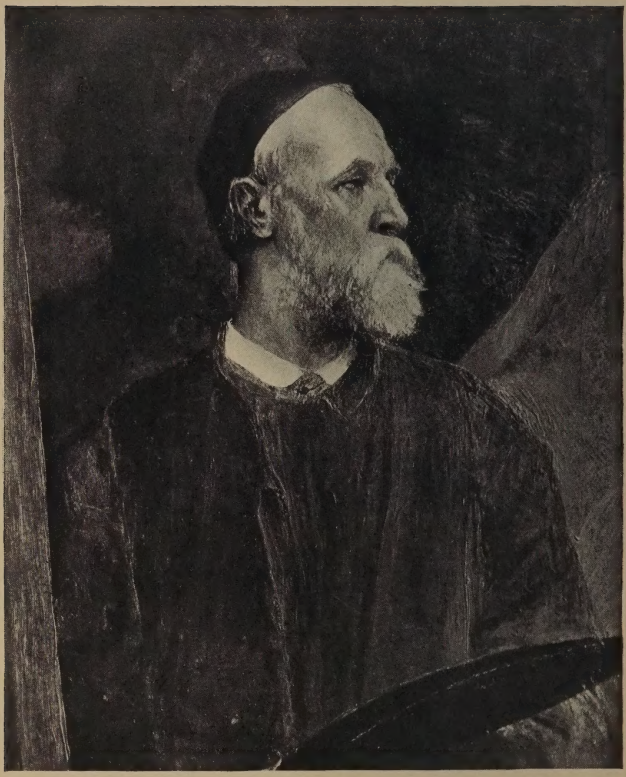
XXXIII. Bewick and Clarkson Stanfield. With a note on the Newcastle group.

XXXIV. Turner.

XXXV. Alfred Stevens.

XXXVI. Watts.

OTHERS IN PREPARATION.



Uffizi Gallery

G. F. WATTS

(BY HIMSELF)

BRITISH ARTISTS

EDITED BY

S. C. KAINES SMITH, M.A.

WATTS

By

ERNEST H. SHORT

Author of *A History of Sculpture, Introduction to World History*, etc., etc.

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FOREWORD

If the truth must be told, it was not altogether with a light heart that I decided to include an essay on G. F. Watts in this series ; for I must confess that to me his work was always rather a sealed book.

I could see that there was in it a magnificent confidence in the use of colour, but a somewhat severe classical training had led me to be prejudiced by certain aberrations of draughtsmanship, and in his sculpture by certain eccentricities of modelling, of which I had not grasped the personal significance.

In the following pages Mr. Short has so handled his subject as to remove all doubts in my mind of the permanent quality of the work of Watts. He has made it plain that it means something, and what is more, that it means something inseparable from, and inevitable in, the nineteenth century.

Although the treatment of the theme differs somewhat from that of other volumes in this series, in its general outlines I feel that the departure is not only justified, but necessitated by the character of the work of which it treats. Although Watts was, in intention, as firmly based upon the traditions and achievements of his predecessors in his chosen art as any painter that one can name at random, there is at the same time in him an intentional, I had almost said a self-conscious, mysticism, for which the history of art afforded him no prototype ; and it is perhaps singular that a man whose thoughts

ran upon lines which compelled him to address the many rather than the few, should have presented to his sympathisers so intensely personal an appeal.

I am not pretending that even after reading this book I can find, personally, all in his work which Mr. Short would have me to see, but I can at least be conscious that it is there, and that it is my fault that I cannot find it. This is as much as to say that Mr. Short's interpretation of Watts is illuminating and inspiring, and that it is as much critical and analytic as it is sympathetic. Those who " do not like Watts " will find in it much to urge them to reconsideration of their judgment, and thereby to a better understanding of the point of view of those of their fellow men to whom Watts is not only intelligible, but a revelation of him and of themselves to their inner understanding. The immense body of work produced by the painter, and the lavishness with which he placed it at the disposal of his nation, make it difficult for any student of English painting to plead ignorance of the man or of his gospel, and it is to be hoped that in the many public galleries, in which his paintings are to be studied, this little book may prove to be of the same enlightening service to those who stand before the delivery of his message as it has been to me.

Leeds, 1924 S. C. K. S.

CONTENTS

	Page
Foreword	v
Preface	xi
Chapter I: Biographical and Personal	1
„ II: External Influences and their Reaction	32
„ III: Style and Subjects	66
„ IV: The Quality of the Artist	103
Appendix I: List of Pictures	143
„ II: Bibliography	152

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

1. Self-Portrait of Watts (*Uffizi Gallery*) *Frontispiece*

Page

2. Study for "Aspiration" . . . 20
3. The Court of Death 28
4. Sir Galahad 46
5. Mammon 58
6. Orpheus and Eurydice . . . 78
7. Building the Ark 100
8. Death the Messenger (Study) . . 124

(*Photographs by F. Hollyer, 9 Pembroke Square, Kensington, W.*)

PREFACE

It was Walter Crane who said that the painter differs in nowise from the labourer; both are but workmen moving coloured earth from one place to another. This is true; nevertheless, if the act is similar, the purpose is markedly different and witnesses to human values of another and more enduring order. The primary joys of art are not for those who are content to regard painting or sculpture as mystery crafts. Rather, they are vouchsafed to those who search with the naïve joy and high seriousness of the child at play. The art of the world is the picture-book of humanity. Ever and again a tome is put upon the shelves of Time, but only that it may give place to another volume, in which a new generation gives fresh expression to the old-time joys and memories. Such a book was in the making yesterday, and we are reopening it at the pages filled by George Frederic Watts, in the belief that they will throw light upon some of the major problems of art to-day.

A Georgian who would debate the problems suggested by the life-work of Watts must necessarily run counter to much in modern criticism. It is safe to exchange ideas upon craft, couched in the jargon of Chelsea, but the fundamentals of life and society, which seemed all important to Watts, are

taboo. Old-fashioned folk who dare the enchanted woods of St. John and threaten its flourishing undergrowth, are faced by many who pride themselves upon divorcing art from life and poetry. There are artistic careers, whose primary interest lies in the ingenuity of the craftsman; not so the life-work of Watts. This can only be understood by those who will relate the artist to the pulsing life and thought of his age.

This man, who "painted a queer sort of picture about God and Creation," is worth knowing for his lovable self, but even more illuminating is the light which his life and work shed upon modern painting. There were times when a philosophy of art was not required, in as much as philosophy and art were one. Art was the expression of the All of Knowledge, which is true philosophy, as it is among certain happy tribes to this day. When the Pueblo Indian tells how the sky-god passes across the heavens with the blazing shield of the sun's disc in his hand, and vanishes, at last, beyond the portals of the dark underworld where the spirits of the dead are at rest, he is creating, at once, art, science and religion. The faith which furnished driving force to the tale as religion also gave it potency as art. To-day, this primal faith is too often wanting. The following Credo of Watts has a sadly old-fashioned ring :—

> "All beauty is the face of God. Therefore, to make acquaintance with beauty, in and through every form, is the cultivation of religious feeling. This, while it is the noblest aspect of art, is also

the most primitive. Nothing can be more important to remember than that, in the cultivation of the artistic perceptions, we are developing one of the essential endowments of the human creature—one in which the difference between him and the lower creation is most distinctly marked. It seems to me to be the duty of everyone to answer to every such call."

The weakening of faith in beauty and the God of beauty has had far-reaching consequences. Artists have tended to withdraw into their own craft in the belief that this might be made all-sufficing. Art for Art's sake has been the cry. If the phrase only voiced the artist's respect for his tools, it would be well. Pride in craft, and in the material of a craft have made great thinkers and teachers from Phidias to Da Vinci and Turner. But the phrase too often denotes the artist's carelessness as to subject matter and his contempt for his patrons, the public. If the painter demanded no remuneration, if like Brabazon, he was content to wait for public recognition until seventy, this attitude of mind might be justifiable. But we are constantly reminded that an artist must live, and even that he requires a considerable measure of material comfort; the painter or sculptor of to-day is no longer an artisan; he is a professional man; like the successful lawyer or doctor, he would taste occasionally of the good things of the world. Well and good. Paying commissions, and the good things which paying commissions bring, are not to be despised. But

they are not for the artist who defiantly announces that he works for art's sake alone. Above all, they are not for the spurners of the public, who, after all, keep the professional man in comfort.

If the effect of current art theory upon the artist has been serious, the effect upon the public has been even more deplorable. Men and women stand before a picture or a statue, put a pencil mark in their shilling catalogues and pass on. They are afraid to like ; they are afraid to dislike. In other cases the effect of the divorce of art from life shews itself no less surely in the wrong sort of liking. At times the more cultured section of the public make a very real effort to understand and even to enjoy art. Remembering the prevailing type of criticism, the public attempt to take a craftsman's interest in a painting or a statue. Since prettiness stands condemned, ugliness becomes the new criterion. " Well painted " or " well modelled " are the stock phrases of appreciation. This is wrong. Craft is not the concern of the public. A few hundred people in London are competent to give a useful opinion upon the technique of a painting ; a few score upon the technical qualities of a marble or a bronze statue. Even an artist is only a good critic of technique within the narrow limits of his own experience. From the popular standpoint, the last and only test of a great work of art is its vitality—material, mental and spiritual. If a picture or a statue bears the impress of a personality, if it has a living message, it is good. If it is a dead thing, however well painted or modelled, the public may safely ignore it.

A picture, like poetry, is the blossom and fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions or emotions; it should bring into relief the obscure aspects of Nature; it should recall the beautiful things which the soul of man has lost; it should embody man's instinctive premonition of beautiful things to come. As Watts knew well, the abiding value and function of art is to translate the thought of God. Art does this, or it does nothing. A basis less sure may satisfy the painter who is content with the applause of his particular claque, but it will assuredly be valueless to everyone else. The recovery of an ideal basis for art is essential to counteract the regard for realistic representation which is crowding the galleries of the twentieth century with landscapes which reveal everything except the God of Nature, and portraits which would be life-like if only a soul were shining from within. Upon such a foundation, however, it is possible to formulate a philosophy of art which is fully satisfying, and establish a real relation between art and the unthinking, uncritical majority known as the public.

The interest and significance of George Frederic Watts arise from the fact that he is the latest of Britain's poet-painters. In deed and word, his aim was ever to identify his work with ' all that is good and great in every creed and utterance, and with all that is inspiring in every record of heroism, of suffering, of effort and of achievement.' Born in 1817 and dying in 1904 at eighty-seven, Watts lived through the age when the blast furnace, the

macadamized road, the locomotive and the steamship were bringing modern democracy into being. He was fourteen when Orator Hunt lifted the tricolour in South London and raised the cry, "For the West End." Then came the Reform Bill. First the lower middle class of Charles Dickens, to which Watts himself belonged, were aroused; later came the opportunity of the masses in the large towns. "They lifted up their heads towards the sky. They filled their lungs with vital air. They lived."

As Watts watched the growth of democracy, he saw the individual come within the grip of Mammon. In an earlier age a man had been a craftsman with the joys and interests of a craftsman. Watts saw him become a cog in the wheel of a vast social machine. In 1859, when the painter was forty-two, a pair of boots were made by eighty-three operations, the work of two men. To-day, they are made by 120 operations performed by 113 men and women. Seventy years ago there were shoemakers; to-day, there are vamp cutters, tip-makers, second-row stitchers, counter buffers and the rest. Efficiency has become the new idol, our idol. Is it strange that Alfred Gilbert, an artist and a lover of the beautiful to his heart's core, said:—

> "All over the world joy in beauty as an instinct is coming to an end, crushed by the wheels of machinery and forgotten in the competition for wealth. There was a time when temple, dwelling

house or workshop gave to any surroundings, however beautiful, the additional beauty of human interest; now our factories, our villas and our cottages are sores upon the face of Nature."

Watts himself believed that environed by mechanical work and trusting to machinery, the majority of men had almost lost their powers of observation. Standing in opposition to the sense of beauty, form and arrangement, he regarded machinery as a deadly foe to art. "The rudest handwork is never without unconscious beauty, never without a something that belongs to life." Following such men as Watts and Gilbert, it is not strange that many lovers of art have come to doubt if painting or sculpture can longer give vital form to the thoughts that are uppermost in the world to-day. Symonds used the fine image of the meteor becoming luminous when it strikes upon the grosser elements of the terrestrial sphere, suggesting that the thoughts that art employs must needs immerse themselves in the grosser atmosphere of sensuousness before they are of value—for art. In a super-refined and complex civilisation, the creative impulses that make for art are apt to be replaced by the spirit of investigation and criticism. The modern scholar insists that the beauty of Helen was not the cause of the Trojan war, but rather the blackmail levied by Priam on the Greek commerce in the Hellespont. Not only the past but the passing worlds of nature and humanity present

themselves in a wholly new aspect. We see more, much more, but, above all, we see in a new perspective. Says Pater, "to regard all things, all principles of things, as inconstant modes or fashions has more and more become the tendency of modern thought." Edward Caird, regarding the problem from the material standpoint, wrote :—"It is the particular strength of the modern time that it has reached a clear perception of the finite world as finite ; that in science it is positive, i.e. that it takes particular facts for no more than they are ; and that in practice it is unembarrassed by superstition—i.e. by the tendency to treat particular things and persons as mysteriously sacred. The first immediate awe and reverence which arose out of the confusion of the divine with the human, the ideal with the real, has passed away from the world." The artist and the poet, indeed, Caird continued, still keep up the confusion. It is their work to give

> "To one brief moment caught from fleeting time
> The appropriate calm of blest eternity."

Nothing can be said against the analyst of modern experience who distinguishes carefully and accurately between the finite and the infinite in the All of Knowledge. But what of the artist who forgets that his job in the work-a-day world is to recover, if only for a moment, the calm of blest eternity ? The shattering of old-time beliefs has robbed not a few of the faith upon which every art effort of abiding worth has been raised. This

in turn, has led to the abandonment of accepted canons of craft, so that a new craft is being evolved to express the emotional outpourings of the age of machinery and science. Many pictures are the manifest outcome of their maker's obsession with paint, rather than with life. Thought and feeling are sacrificed to a rendering of tone values. From Monet, our young men learnt to read Helmholtz on Physiological Optics and the result has been a reaction, not only against Academic " finish " and colour, but against subject matter in pictures at all. The New English Art Club is a centre where the professors of the science of paint loom largely. Fearful of the passions which run riot at the Academy and the Salons, members of the New English Art Club pride themselves upon their low spirits. Their annual exhibition has been described as a parade of pictorial sackcloth and ashes. The exhibitors explain that the treatment of blacks and greys calls for a more subtle colour sense than the treatment of brilliant colours, a statement which is often justified by paintings shewing a subtle treatment of neutral tones. To be just, many of them paint certain aspects of Nature faithfully ; the ever changing sun-garment of day-light and the grey shroud of evening are pictured and pictured well ; but imagination and poetry, the things which make the craftsman an artist, are sacrificed for the sake of carrying the science of the rendering of light and tones a little further.

In Paris and elsewhere on the Continent the science of painting is held to justify even wilder

experiments. The Mosaic painters, under the leadership of M. Signac, cover their canvases with spots of primary colours violently contrasted, with the object of representing the full glitter of sunlight. The Geometrists divide up form as the Mosaic painters divide up tone, their theory being that there are geometrical masses latent in all real objects. Certain pictures exhibited in a notorious collection at the Grafton Galleries some years ago (I hesitate to decide whether they were portraits or landscapes), will be remembered. The painters provided the puzzle-pieces from which the visitor was required to construct his own Nature and his own humanity. The Cubists took the liberty "to move round the object painted, in order to give thereof a concrete representation composed of several successive aspects," the result being a series of solid cubes, generally grey or brown, piled one upon another as though they were children's bricks. Post Impressionism is the end of an art which banishes romance and takes its stand upon science alone. With justice the pictures of the Post Impressionists at the Grafton Galleries in 1912 and similar exhibitions which followed when it was found there was money in such follies, were described as the handiwork of the Goths and Huns of art whose frenzy took the form of diabolical mockery, and who were content, if only they could smash what Watts, in describing an exhibition by the ultra-moderns of his own day, called "the righteousness of beauty, which belongs to the bird's song and the movement of the clouds."

There are those who hold that the black destruction of Post Impressionism and allied cults is necessary if a new beauty is to arise. They look for a man of genius who will build upon the waste revealed after the Cubist destroying angel has breathed upon the world. But surely the function of art is not to create another Universe, but to translate the thoughts of God implicit in the world in which we have our being. Art is a bringing into relief of the obscure thought of Nature, as we may know it here and now. Only those who despise life and despise living will desire a shattering of the old belief in beauty and the old-time expression of this beauty by honest craftsmanship. Rightly interpreted, the revelation of Darwin—the conception of a dynamic as opposed to a static origin of things—is as godlike as the opening chapter of "Genesis." In the past every fresh conception of the universe has manifested itself in an art based upon beauty and honest labour. The present will not prove different. At the moment humanity is stunned by the bewildering flood of new facts and fresh hypotheses, but an artist-seer will yet arise with the insight and courage to lay bare once more the beating heart of things, to establish a harmony between man and the All of Things, a harmony which comes from the time when man and God were one.

Certain problems of the post-war world are not those of the nineteenth century, but one question which troubled the clear soul of Watts remains. We would still see nature and humanity as they

appear to the all-seeing eye of the Shaper of Things. Never ashamed to own to an ethical or religious purpose, it was this very idea of art with a mission which gave to Watts's life's work an element of timelessness, which inspired reverence even when it did not strike deep down into the public imagination. If the history of 19th century art had to be written around a single personality, as the history of the Elizabethan age might be written around Shakespeare, no more significant figure could be chosen than George Frederic Watts. He stood sufficiently apart from his age to escape the ephemeral. Yet the best thought and endeavour of his time sound through his work like a dominant theme, giving it unity and a fuller meaning. Watts refused to content himself with imitating the surface of things ; feeling that art had an end more sure than the satisfaction of sensuous instincts, he was not ashamed to own to an ethical or religious purpose. As he said :—

> " My intention has not been so much to paint pictures that will charm the eye as to suggest great thoughts that will appeal to the imagination and the heart, and kindle all that is best and noblest in humanity—I teach great truths but I do not dogmatise. On the contrary, I purposely avoid all references to creeds and appeal to men of all ages and every faith. I lead them to the church door and then they can go in and see God in their own way."

Or again :—

" My aim as an artist was to be as a conscience to my native land, to the world. The object in my work has been to suggest, in the language of art, modern thought in things ethical and spiritual. I want to make art the servant of religion by stimulating thought, high and noble."

Such ideals had a recognised place in the Victorian scheme of things, however strange they may sound to-day. Those who urge they still have power to heal and arm and plenish and sustain will be told that their theories are but a revival of the discredited " heresy of the didactic," that they are no more than a recrudescence of Taine's " art for utility's sake." Be that as it may, if for " utility " we substitute " humanity," a standpoint is afforded from which the main circumstances in Watts's career may be viewed. He said, " What Michelangelo did for theology in the Sistine chapel, it has been my object for long years to do for humanitarianism." " Art for humanity's sake " includes both the artist and those to whom he appeals and has a spiritual aspiration which is absent from the word utility. The phrase, therefore, shall serve as our touchstone for judging our artist's life and work. In so far as humanity listened and understood, George Frederic Watts will be justified.

CHAPTER I.

Biographical and Personal.

A LONDONER by birth, Watts was born in Queen Street, Bryanston Square, on February 23, 1817. He was brought up in a home where Puritan influences were dominant and, like Ruskin, had to emancipate himself from the intellectual narrowness of the creed. For many years, the boy associated every Sunday with a preacher in a black gown who told of the wrath to come. One of the stories which made most impression upon his early imagination concerned a man who neglected to read his Bible on week-days. Taking the book from his shelf one Sunday, the man was struck dead. From childhood, too, Watts was delicate. Violent headaches often left him helpless for days. As a youth he

was liable to these prostrating attacks almost every week. Mrs. Watts, his mother, also an invalid, was a widow of about thirty years of age when she married. George Watts Senior was a man of some culture and considerable ambition and a maker of musical instruments by profession. There is a portrait of him, from his son's brush, painted in 1836, suggesting the dreamer who missed actual accomplishment. George Frederic was the eldest son and the only surviving child of the marriage. After his mother's death from consumption in 1826, the boy was brought up by his step-sisters. Ill-health prevented Watts attending school regularly, but he early became a reader and soon mastered the few books in his father's house. In particular, he read, re-read and read again Homer's Iliad. Scott's novels were other favourites. On Sunday, the family reading was confined to the Bible and

"Pilgrim's Progress." Able to use a pencil from earliest childhood, the boy frequently copied the pictures from the family Bible.

As has been said, Watts's first home was in Queen Street, Bryanston Square, near the Marble Arch and to the east of Edgware Road. After his mother's death, when the boy was nine, the family moved to Star Street, Marylebone. Later they lived in Roberts Road, Hampstead Road. At that time there were still fields with flowers that fed the imagination of the young artist. Watts was a Cockney as Keats, Blake and Turner were Cockneys, but Cockneys of a city which was still in touch with country sights and sounds. Always George Watts had a love for birds. He tamed a sparrow so that it perched on his head as he lay in bed, and ate from his plate; he never forgot the sorrow of its death. In shutting up his pet

for the night, the boy accidentally caught the little head in the doorway. Unseen it had popped out for a last "good-bye." The pathos of the outstretched wing in *The Wounded Heron*, which was hung in the Academy of 1837, recalls the experience. Years later Watts painted *The Shuddering Angel*, in which he made his protest against the wanton waste of bird life for the adornment of women, and, still worse, the serving of skylarks and other song birds as gastronomic delicacies at city banquets and restaurants. As Ralph Hodgson sang :—

> I saw with open eyes
> Singing birds sweet
> Sold in the shops
> For the people to eat,
> Sold in the shops of
> Stupidity Street.

Watts's earliest known pencil drawing is a *Sisyphus*, made, perhaps, at the age of seven. At eleven he could make an exact

copy of an etching, " counting every line and sharpening the chalk between every three or four strokes," as he recalled in later years. A copy of an etching by J. H. Mortimer, reproduced alongside the original in Mrs. Watts's " Life," fully justifies the claim. This chalk drawing dates from 1831, when Watts was thirteen. Very early he drifted into the company of artists. William Behnes, Sculptor in Ordinary to Queen Victoria, lived in the Watts's house and was an early friend of the family. An even more direct intellectual influence was Charles, a crippled brother of William Behnes. A friend of Charles Behnes, a miniature painter, gave Watts his first lesson in the use of oil colour. The copy of a picture by Sir Peter Lely, dating from this time, can be seen at Compton, Surrey.

These proofs of technical skill persuaded Mr. George Watts to take a selection of his boy's drawings to Sir Martin Archer Shee,

then President of the Royal Academy. Sir Martin's verdict was "I can see no reason why your son should take up the profession of art." Mr. Watts, however, disregarded the implied advice and George Frederic went on with his studies. By sixteen, he could undertake small portrait commissions, sometimes in pencil, and sometimes in coloured chalks, receiving 5*s*. apiece for the drawings. In 1835, he attended the Academy Antique School for a few weeks but soon decided that the teaching there could do him no good. Two years later he exhibited his first work at the Academy Summer Exhibition, *The Wounded Heron.*

Among Watts's early patrons none was more generous than Mr. Constantine Ionides, a wealthy Greek merchant in the City of London, whose flair for the good things in art was transmitted to his sons and has found tangible expression in the Ionides Collection,

bequeathed to the Victoria and Albert Museum by Mr. C. A. Ionides. Watts painted several members of the Ionides family in the late 'thirties and early 'forties, including a group with Mr. Luke Ionides, as a small boy in Greek costume. In 1839, Watts painted a portrait which he sold for £20. The purchaser sent £25. With characteristic scrupulousness, Watts insisted upon throwing in a portrait of the baby.

The painter has told us the secret of these early professional successes. He was determined to do the very best possible; he had no hopes of making a name; nor did he think much about climbing to the top of the tree; he merely set himself to do the utmost he could, and, added the painter "I think I may say I have never relaxed." He trained himself to rise with the sun. There were difficulties at first, but he overcame them by not going to bed at all. Instead of undressing

Watts rolled himself in a thick dressing-gown and lay on the floor of his studio, sometimes on two chairs, until he had taught himself to get up with the sun. Once gained, the habit was fixed for life. At 88 Watts still rose at dawn. When he was ill and obliged to remain in bed he asked to have the curtains and blinds closed, explaining, "I cannot bear it, the light calls to me."

If the story of Watts's life tells much of toil, there is no less about the joy of effort. "How happy we are to have work at which we can worship all the time." But it was the necessity for constant effort which Watts never tired of recalling, not only by his example but in his table talk: "The artist must bring to his work the ardour of the young lover or the missionary. If he is satisfied with a few hours' hard work—no matter how hard—and can throw thought of it aside and say he has done enough for

the day; not for him will be a place on the highest level for all time."

"Remember the daisies," he once said.

Throughout his 'prentice-years Watts maintained his interest in books. After a day's work he used to go to the studio in Osnaburgh Street (it was later occupied by Lord Leighton and Sir Thomas Brock) to talk with Charles Behnes upon Shakespeare, Virgil, Ossian and the well-loved Homer. He read the Iliad and the Odyssey until the gods and heroes became his familiar friends.

In the 'thirties the Elgin marbles were less understood than they are now. After an enquiry by a select Committee of the House of Commons they were purchased by the State in 1816. The collection consisted of sculptures and architectural fragments from the Parthenon, the Erectheion and other Athenian buildings; casts from

the Parthenon, the Theseion and the Monument of Lysicrates; a large number of Greek reliefs and many drawings and plans. Earlier still the British Museum had acquired the Towneley marbles and a few years later the bronzes and portrait busts collected by Richard Payne Knight. When Watts was a student the national collection of Greek sculpture was not materially different from that of to-day. Until 1847 the marbles were shown in a special wing at Montague House. It was here that the youthful Watts came to understand the fervour of the Greeks' search for physical beauty and their ever-present determination to make art uphold a strenuous moral ideal, an ideal based in no small measure upon the harmony, fitness, and proportion which they embodied in their art. From the Elgin marbles he also learnt that the human form itself is an entire medium of spiritual expression and that

human thoughts must take human form if they are to make their due appeal.

When twenty-five years of age Watts came under the influence of the second great effort in Western art, namely the art of mediæval Italy. In 1842, the commissioners in charge of the decoration of the newly-built Parliament House advertised a competition for decorative cartoons, not less than ten or more than fifteen feet long, to be made in chalk or charcoal without colour, the subjects being drawn from English history, or such poets as Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton. In June, 1843, 140 cartoons were exhibited in Westminster Hall. To his great surprise Watts secured one of the three first prizes, with a design picturing Caractacus led in triumph through the streets of Rome. Three fragments of the cartoon have been preserved and were presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum by Lord Northbourne. The

other winners of first prizes were Edward Armitage and Charles West Cope. *Caractacus* never went beyond the cartoon stage and even this was so damaged by some process of steaming, which the designer thought would "fix" the drawing, that Watts had serious doubt about entering it for the competition. The abiding good which came from Watts's success was his first Italian tour. In the end this occupied the years 1843 to 1847, and resulted in the meeting with Lord and Lady Holland which was to have such decisive consequences upon Watts's career. After spending a few months in France with Edward Armitage, Watts went on to Italy, where he was introduced to Lord Holland, then British Minister at the Grand Ducal Court in Florence. For three years Watts lived with Lord and Lady Holland, meeting the minister's friends and travelling with his patron through the various

art centres. In Florence, Watts painted the vast picture from the "Decameron," once in the Cosmopolitan Club, now in the Tate Gallery. As to material success, no young artist could have desired a better introduction to his profession. In 1846, writing from Lord Holland's Medicean villa at Careggi to Mr. Ionides, his earliest patron, Watts said:

"If I have not made money, it has been my own fault. With the connection I have made, if I applied myself to portrait painting, I might carry all before me; but it has always been my ambition to tread in the steps of the old masters, and to endeavour, as far as my poor talents would permit, to emulate their greatness. Nor has the sight of their great works diminished my ardour; this cannot be done by painting portraits. Cannot you give me a commission to paint a picture to send to Greece? . . . Take advantage of my enthusiasm now; I will paint you an acre of canvas for little more than the cost of the material."

The individualistic influences in Florentine art did not affect Watts in a marked degree;

he learnt more from the Venetian painters, than from the Florentines, Michelangelo excepted. In Venice, a system of civic rule scarcely less dominating than that in Athens kept the individual in check; the Venetian artist was forced to express the communal ideals of his City-state; an influence which tended to strengthen the predisposition Watts had acquired from the Parthenon marbles and from those hours in the Osnaburgh Street studio under the spell of Homer. Letters exchanged with Ruskin in the early 'sixties suggest that Watts was, at that time, an earnest student of Titian's methods. Not that there was direct copying, but the young Englishman discovered a certain kinship in spirit which, for a time, made him see with the eyes of the great Venetians. He said: "If I could carry out my own feeling perfectly, my picture would be solemn and monumental in character,

noble and beautiful in form and rich in colour; but the subtle varieties of sunlight I should never aim at producing. I can see in Nature what Turner saw, and can appreciate the excellence of his imitation, but my natural tendency is to see Nature with such eyes as Giorgione and Titian had. I see only with their eyes, but do not work with their brains or hands. Alas!"

No less potent than the example of the great Venetians was the influence which Italy exerted upon Watts through the intoxicating blue of the Florentine or Venetian sky. Mr. Clausen has suggested that in all Mr. Watts's pictures, whether it is actually expressed in the work or not, the blue of the sky is a determining factor, so that there is, as it were, reflected back from his pictures a sense of harmony with the great elemental things of Nature. Watts himself admitted that, so far as colour is concerned, every

great art must have for its religious basis sun-worship. In as much as it is by the sun's influence that men live and move and have their being, a picture cannot beautifully suggest life unless it is pervaded (as far as material pigment can effect such a result) by the sun's light. During a later visit to Italy in 1853, Watts was no less conscious that the full representation of the glories of an Italian sky were beyond the reach of his memory and imagination, though at the moment of experiencing its beauty the very arcana of Nature seemed revealed.

It is interesting to recall that the sense of visualisation was not strongly developed in Watts ; before he set to work upon a picture he did not see the design distinctly. First, he had a strong impression of the ideas he wished to convey ; then he was conscious of a certain nobility of outline in keeping with the idea ; the rest came as he worked out

his design on paper or on canvas. In general, Watts followed the traditional method whereby the design was primarily a matter of form rather than the modern method in which a picture is regarded as a colour pattern, and the aim of the painter is to reveal the decorative and emotional qualities of colour. Hence the excellence of the black and white reproductions of many of his works. For Watts, the beautiful line was one which did not return quickly into itself, being part of a giant curve. Henri Bergson has given a hint regarding the significance of the curve in art which allies Watts's preference with his life-long pre-occupation with the permanent, rather than with the evanescent, in human experience. For Bergson, curves are more graceful than broken lines because, while a curved line changes its direction at every moment, every new direction is indicated in the preceding one. So the

perception of ease in motion passes over into the pleasure of holding the future in the present. Grace implies ease, and ease suggests the movement which, in turn, prepares the way for further movement. Of Watts's technical treatment of the canvas, Mrs. Barrington tells that, before beginning a picture, Watts would often paint in some body colour, opposed to the tone which he intended the finished picture should have. Watts dried out the oil from his colours by putting them on blotting paper, reducing them to the consistency of putty by washing them in water. He liked his colours to be nearly as dry as pastel. New brushes he regarded as useless; he wore them down to little stiff pyramids of hair, shaped like the stumps used for chalk drawing. When the puttylike pigment was nearly dry, Watts would take a paper knife, maybe, and rub the touches of colour together; when the

surface was quite dry, he would work over it yet again in an effort to get a ' bloom of atmosphere into the painting.' Watts was an ingenious craftsman and playing with paint was a continual delight.

Watts returned from Italy in 1847. Two years later he met Mr. and Mrs. Thoby Prinsep. Mrs. Prinsep nursed Watts through a serious illness in 1850, and, early in the following year, he went to live with them at Little Holland House, a dower-house of Lord Holland's Kensington mansion.

"Watts," said Mrs. Prinsep afterwards, " came to stay three days ; he stayed thirty years," an amusing, though not precisely accurate, description of the household arrangements between Watts and the Prinsep family.

The Little Holland House circle provided the last outstanding influence of the formative years of Watts's career. Little Holland

House was an old-fashioned home, set in the quiet of a farm which made it seem a score of miles from London. A circle of friends soon gathered round the Prinseps and Watts, including Mrs. Prinsep's sister, Miss Virginia Pattle, afterwards Lady Somers, of whom her friends said that her smile lightened a room. Tennyson, Rossetti, Burne-Jones and Richard Doyle were constant visitors. The youthful members of the Prinsep family became an ever-increasing interest in Watts's life. Arthur Prinsep was the model for the *Sir Galahad* and *Aspiration*. Val Prinsep, Arthur's brother, became a Royal Academician.

When the Royal Commission of 1863 was making its enquiry into the constitution and work of the Royal Academy, Watts was an important witness and the minutes of his evidence throw light upon many problems which are still unsolved. Something

Compton Gallery

STUDY FOR "ASPIRATION"

G. F. WATTS

has been done to remedy the defective teaching in the Academy Schools against which Watts protested. He urged the necessity for studying the living model in constant conjunction with the antique, the method which has done so much to bring students of the human form into contact with the verities of sense-impressions and has resulted in the happy naturalism of the best modern art, as compared with the conventionalism of much mid-Victorian painting and sculpture. Watts was insistent, too, upon the Academy representing all branches of artistic endeavour and that students should be encouraged to study the whole range of art. The man who practised one branch of art could not be a really great artist. Watts wished the influence of the Royal Academy of Arts to show itself in street architecture, in furniture, in the fashion of dress, and, indeed, in public

taste in general. In condemnation of Academy methods, he recalled that the only definite reform movement of his own time, the Pre-Raphaelite, had met with opposition rather than help from the members of the Academy. The painting of wall-pictures for the big public schools of our country, and the display of art objects in public buildings such as railway stations, were also discussed with the Commissioners. Above all, Watts was insistent upon the need, not only for interesting the public, but for using the public taste and knowledge to counteract the narrowness of a purely professional judgment upon art matters and production. In 1863, and again in 1879, when he wrote an interesting paper upon the present condition of art in Britain for the "Nineteenth Century," Watts was of opinion that an Academy Exhibition room was no place for a grave, deliberate work

of art. The considerations set out in earlier pages would seem to suggest that it is not a place for the highest art efforts to-day, though much has been done since Watts made his protests. Always practical in his sympathies, Watts assisted Mr. Hallé and Sir Coutts Lindsay to found the Grosvenor Gallery in 1877, when *Love and Death* was exhibited. *Time, Death and Judgment, Mischief, Ophelia,* and *Sir Galahad* were shewn in the following year. The avowed aim of the Grosvenor Gallery was to give pictures during their brief public life a fair chance of being seen at their best. Each group of paintings was separate. Each artist delivered his message untroubled by conflicting voices. At the annual exhibitions of the Grosvenor Gallery, and still more when 200 of his works were shewn during the winter of 1881–82, Watts had an opportunity of making a really

effective appeal to those whom he sought to influence by his art.

Among Watts's pictures are two canvases which recall a pathetic episode in the lives of two great Victorians, *The Sisters*, and the *Ophelia* exhibited in 1878. The *Ophelia*, surely, is Ellen Terry to the life.

There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows its hoar leaves on the glassy stream,
There with fantastic garlands did she come.

The Sisters are Kate and Ellen Terry, the portrait of the younger girl being very lovely.

Mrs. Watts's "Annals of An Artist's Life" tell that a beautiful young girl, who, with her yet undeveloped genius, was destined to fascinate and delight thousands of her generation, came into the painter's life, and that the two were married in February, 1864, and were parted in June,

1865. Except for a chance meeting in the streets of Brighton, George Frederic Watts and Ellen Terry never met again. The marriage was dissolved in 1877.

Watts married Miss Mary Fraser-Tytler, his second wife, in 1886. A pupil of the artist, she was to be the writer of the invaluable "Annals of an Artist," to which every student of the painter must be in constant debt.

Mrs. Watts gives more than one glimpse of the life at Little Holland House in the 'sixties and 'seventies. Joachim, bow in hand and chin upon the violin, standing in the middle of the studio, the art upon the walls answering nobly to the music, and Hallé at the piano. Mrs. Sartoris (Adelaide Kemble), too, and possibly Lady Lilford, Mrs. Norton and Lady Somers. Leighton was almost always there, and sometimes Herschel and Browning, besides politicians,

statesmen or soldiers, glad to abandon themselves to the joys of the arts in this best of homes.

Not until 1867 was Watts elected an associate of the Royal Academy; in December of the same year he became a Royal Academician, more than twenty years after he had definitely embarked upon the life-work which now finds its supreme expression in the noble room at the Tate Gallery, and the equally engaging 'Watts's Room' at the National Portrait Gallery. The final honour came when King Edward made the painter an original member of the Order of Merit, the best reward which the Crown of Britain can bestow upon a man of thought or action who, through a long life, has served his country well.

Earlier Watts had declined the baronetcy which Leighton and Millais accepted, an act of modesty which was on a parity with his

resolve in 1890 no longer to claim his exhibition rights as a Royal Academician. Watts was then seventy-three, and feared that with advancing years there might be some declension in powers of craft. He asked, therefore, that his work should be judged each year on its merits, as though it came from a painter outside the ranks of the Academy. In fact, Watts continued to exhibit for fourteen more years, his last work being the charming portrait, *Lilian*, the girl in the garden hat. The pictures of the last decade had not the sureness of eye and hand of the middle years, but the chief difference was psychological. As with Tennyson, a sense of fame and a knowledge of his ever-growing influence increased the painter's sense of responsibility and tended to detract from any lyric tendency there may have been in his nature. Always Watts had more of the high seriousness of the great

Victorians than the feeling for lyric rapture which characterises other artists. Ever mindful of his humble origin, though he would gladly have forgotten it, Watts's desire to uplift the masses deepened with the years, until the master became the preacher, and the preacher the seer.

Watts's most mature thought upon life present and life to come is to be found in *The Court of Death*, where Death is pictured as the Mother of Humanity, summoning her children to her at the last. It was a favourite idea of Watts to regard Death as a kindly nurse who would say to her children, 'And now, you must go to bed and you will wake in the morning.' The *Court of Death*, which dominates the Watts Room in the Tate Gallery, was designed in the 'sixties for the mortuary chapel of a cemetery for London paupers. Watts read somewhere of a proposal to build a chapel in order that

Tate Gallery

THE COURT OF DEATH

G. F. WATTS

the coffins of pauper dead might be collected in one place so that a single burial service would suffice. The callousness of the proposal touched the painter; he set to work to consider how such a chapel might be made beautiful with poetry, even if it was disfigured by the calculated materialism of man. One thought which came to him was this picture of the Mother of Life and Death —and so the painter became preacher, and the preacher seer.

Enthroned upon the ruins of the world, with a child, the germ of human life, in her lap, and behind her head the glow of Eternity. On either side stand two angel figures—Silence and Mystery—guarding the portals of the Unknown. At the feet of the Death Mother are gathered all conditions of men, rendering their last homage to the Queen of Things Created. The warrior in the pride of strength and manhood, bowing his head,

renders his sword. The nobleman in crimson and ermine cloak lays down his coronet. A cripple craves respite from pain ; an aged woman seeks release from poverty and struggle. On the other side of the throne a young girl, wearied with suffering, lays her head as though in sleep upon a winding sheet, while a little child, half in sport, draws the shroud over his head. At the feet of Death crouches the lion, a type of physical strength. As Watts said—" Death does not exact but receives homage." Sickness lays her head upon the knee of Death ; old age comes for repose ; and, in the arms of the silent figure on the throne, is the youngest possible child, the very beginning of Life being in the lap of Death.

A short time before his last illness Watts said to his wife, " I am glad I painted Death with that white robe ; it makes it an angel and I often catch a glint of that white

garment behind my shoulder and it seems to me to say ' I am not far off.' " On June 4th, 1904, he was in the studio for the last time. One morning he beckoned Miss Geraldine Liddell and Mrs. Watts to come nearer, and tried to put into words a vision that had come to him. He had looked into the Book of Creation and understood that the whole could be comprehended. " A glorious state," he called it, and he ended, " Now, I see that great Book—I see that great Light." On Friday, the first of July, 1904, he died.

CHAPTER II.

External Influences and Their Reaction.

NOT only the example of the Greeks and the Venetians, but his personal conviction regarding the ultimate purpose of art, impelled Watts to the creation of works which would speak to his countrymen as a whole. He dreamed of paintings which would be as truly national as the lyrics the youth of Athens had chanted in chorus during the feast of Dionysus, or the frieze of the Parthenon itself.

Above the poverty-stricken strugglers, who can do no more than keep body and soul together, there is an ever-growing body of potential art lovers, who claim no expert

knowledge, but welcome the insight which a painter-poet can give them into nature, life and conduct. These are the public, the people, the nation, and they were the men and women whom Watts had in mind when he returned from Italy in 1847, obsessed with a desire to revive and develop fresco-painting in England. He failed, and it is needful to ask why, as Watts said himself, a life which might have been an epic proved only a series of sonnets. In part, Watts's failure was due to the fact that he lived in an age of ideas and emotions of exceptional complexity. Titian had found it easy to paint pictures of significance for his countrymen. He was only required to pass on his impression of a few Biblical texts and legends, or incidents in the history of his City-State. The Venetian spectator knew as much as the painter, but Watts had no assurance that his public stood in any sort of relation

to his art and were, therefore, in a position to understand his philosophy of life and conduct.

Apart from these psychological considerations there were certain professional circumstances which interfered with the free play of Watts's genius. These were concerned with the condition under which his pictures were produced and sold, and they have a special interest to-day as the poet-painters, of our own time suffer even more than Watts did from the conditions under which their wares are marketed. Watts failed to re-establish fresco-painting in Britain, and his life-work proved to be fragments rather than a unified whole. Might not the result have been different had Watts been a Frenchman, living in a country where public commissions for large decorative paintings and sculptured memorials were common? Every year the Salons display a number of large canvases

destined for Parisian and provincial town-halls, or public buildings. Perhaps the Basilica of Domrémy, for which M. Boutet de Monvel exhibited three Joan of Arc panels in a pre-war Salon ; maybe the Petit Palais, for which M. Paul Besnard executed four great panels, the fourth of which was shewn at the Salon in 1909. Or again, the Capitol at Toulouse, for which M. Henri Martin has designed the decorations. The list could readily be extended twenty-fold.

What may be achieved by the French system under favourable conditions can be judged from the mural paintings of Puvis de Chavannes at Amiens, at Marseilles, and in the Panthéon, the Sorbonne and the Hôtel de Ville in Paris.

Of all the nineteenth century artists, perhaps, Puvis de Chavannes bears the closest kinship to Watts. Born in 1824, he was nearly the same age as the great

Englishman. Like Watts, he was a man of high culture. After two prolonged visits to Italy he returned to France to be trained as an artist. When the studio of Delacroix proved as lacking in inspiration to him as the Royal Academy was to Watts, de Chavannes retired into solitude to work out his problem alone. To Gautier, that prince among critics, belongs the honour of first seeing in the young painter the decorator of palaces and of monumental buildings. Gautier said, "Puvis de Chavannes is not a painter of the ordinary type of picture. He needs no easel, but scaffolding and a vast expanse of wall."

In 1861, when he was thirty-seven years of age, Puvis sold his first pictures. They were bought by the City of Amiens. The sale so overjoyed him that (again how like Watts) Puvis insisted upon giving the other pictures of the series and even offered two

extra ones to complete the scheme. In 1865, Amiens gave de Chavannes a commission for the *Ave Picardia Nutrix* and the *Ludus pro Patria.* To-day, Amiens is remembered for its Cathedral, the Gothic Parthenon, and for the pictures of Puvis de Chavannes. In 1867 came a commission for the paintings on the staircase of the Museum at Marseilles and, in 1874, the order for the decoration of the Hôtel de Ville of Poictiers. In 1876, Puvis commenced the cycle of pictures covering the life of St. Genevieve for the Panthéon in Paris. Later came the noble painting in the grand amphitheatre at the Sorbonne and the series for the Hôtel de Ville at Paris, the *Summer*, the *Winter* and the *Victor Hugo.*

In one and all we can feel a man of the temper of Watts. Some of the sayings of de Chavannes, indeed, sound like the table talk of his English contemporary.

"Nature! they say that I ignore her. But they fail to understand that I do not copy Nature! I draw my inspiration from her."

"One must try to paint subjects taken from real life, but they must have a general application."

Or yet again:—

"Take from Nature everything that is accidental, everything that for the moment is ineffective. Art completes what Nature only sketched. One makes Nature articulate by simplification. Express the outstanding facts and leave out the rest. This is the secret of design and even of eloquence and wit."

Puvis de Chavannes was painting the story of St. Genevieve at the time of his death, his theme being the *Old-age of St. Genevieve*, the patron saint of his well-loved city, the sweet influence who had banished Paganism from Paris. He shewed her stepping from her cell on to the balcony of the convent and looking over the sleeping city. The moonlight touches the red-tiled roofs and the crests of the low hills. But dominating all is the figure of Genevieve

in her white nun's robe, praying for the slumbering town. A dream picture, with the misty aloofness of a dream; but also a thing which makes it pleasanter for the Parisian to pay his rates—and adding poetry to an institution which might otherwise be regarded as entirely prosaic.

Is there no English painter who could be entrusted with the task of picturing the story of London in similar fashion upon the walls of the new County Council building on the south side of Westminster Bridge? Surely there must be, and the search would be worth making. The assistants of such a man would provide decorative painters for the next generation, in as much as they would have experience of the common training and continuity of effort in which our artists are so lacking, as compared with the guild craftsmen of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance or even with the Parisian

painters of to-day. Students of the principal art schools of London, the Royal Academy, the Slade, the Royal College of Art at Kensington, and the Westminster School of Art, were actually approached and certain mural decorations were prepared with the approval of Mr. Charles Sims, Professor Rothenstein, Mr. Walter Bayes and Professor Tonks. Eight students who were paid no more than £20 apiece submitted panels to the London County Council, but their work was rejected, to their great discouragement. The experience of Watts, however, suggests the appointment of a master-decorator, versed in the three arts, and endowed with the needful vision of civic achievement and ideals. It would be useless to give such a commission to an elderly man, in whom the capacity for experiment is dead; such tasks are for the mature craftsman, with his spiritual message

strong upon him. Looking back one can only regret that Watts did not have the opportunities vouchsafed to Puvis de Chavannes. With his ideals and his persuasive personality, he might in the course of his long life have established an English school of mural decorators. As it was Watts had practically no pupils. The tradition which he painfully won from the Parthenon marbles and the paintings of Titian, Tintoretto and Veronese lives only in his gallery canvases.

Yet all public commissions were not denied to the Englishman. The *Caractacus,* designed for the Houses of Parliament, has been mentioned. In 1856 Watts spent a holiday at Halicarnassus, assisting Sir Charles Newton in the excavations of the Mausoleum. On his return he completed the great fresco in Lincoln's Inn Hall, forty feet by forty-five feet, a work which had

been commenced in June 1852. The subject was *Justice—A Hemicycle of Law-givers*; the scheme owed much to the influence of Raphael's wall-paintings in the Stanze at the Vatican, in particular to the *School of Athens*.

The painter placed Moses in the central place, with uplifted head in token that the great artist, who took a poor shepherd stock and created therefrom a people, was a practical mystic, who received his orders direct from Heaven. The *Justice* is one of the largest works in fresco in England and the most important decorative work by the painter which remains. It has been restored in recent years and is in fair preservation.

Perhaps the picture which best suggests the potentialities of Watts in early manhood, when the desire to paint big decorative canvases was strong upon him, is the *Story*

from Boccaccio, which has already been mentioned as owing its origin to the painter's stay in Florence. It suggests why Ruskin described Watts as the only real painter of history and thought in England in the 'forties. The canvas is about eleven feet by thirty and occupies a great part of the long wall in the large sculpture room at the Tate Gallery. The theme is taken from the fifth day of Boccaccio's entertainment and illustrates Philomena's tale of the love of Anastasio. Says Boccaccio, on a sudden the lover saw come out of a thicket full of briars and thorns, and run toward him, a most beautiful lady, naked, with her flesh rent by the bushes, while in close pursuit were two fierce mastiffs, biting and tearing where they could. Behind, upon a black steed, rode a gloomy knight, with a dagger in his hand, who loaded the unfortunate woman with the bitterest curses.

Philomena's tale narrates how Anastasio restaged this grim vision for the edification of his cruel mistress, so that the fate of the miserable woman of the dream so worked upon his lady-love that she assented to a marriage. Watts pictures Anastasio in the centre of a group of young Florentines, his lady-love being in the centre. On the right is the reincarnation of the dreadful day vision, with the rider on the black horse in pursuit of his false mistress, who flies in her nakedness from the hounds. The vigour of the drawing and the variety of pose in the frightened spectators of the vision, together with the characterisation of the chief actors in the tale, Anastasio and his disdainful mistress, make the *Story from Boccaccio* pictorial story-telling and decoration of a high order.

It is characteristic of Watts that he offered to paint the great fresco at Lincoln's Inn

without fee or reward, only stipulating that the cost of colours and scaffolding should be covered. The refusal to put a price upon his work was no exceptional act of generosity on Watts's part. It was characteristic of his attitude in regard to all his ideal work. In 1887, when he was asked by Sir William Agnew to sell *Love and Death* to Manchester, he agreed, but, later, wrote that "as a sign of being in fellowship with the movement you and your colleagues are instituting in Manchester, the picture you desire to possess shall be placed in your hands as a gift." Again, in 1898, when he commenced his bronze statue of Tennyson for the Cathedral Close at Lincoln, Watts refused to accept more than the bare cost of casting, though he had to buy a farm-house in which to model so large a work. The *Tennyson* was completed in 1903, the central idea being the

poet's love of nature. Tennyson is pondering over the root and stem of a little plant. "It is the lesson of the flower in the crannied wall repeated," said Watts. In echoing the Laureate's poem in bronze, Watts felt that he was doing public service; his reward was to be a measure of public understanding. When Watts painted his second version of *Hope* now at the Tate Gallery, though his purse had been drained by a long illness, he refused £2,000 for the picture, preferring it should be a gift to the nation, just as he had refused payment for *Love and Death* a year before. Equally characteristic was the gift of the *Galahad* to Eton College. Mr. Luxmoore had seen a small version belonging to Sir Alexander Henderson which was painted in 1862, and realized the worth of its message for the youth of Britain. He wrote to Watts on the subject and the painter replied. Fifteen years later Mr.

Eton College *& Tate Gallery*

SIR GALAHAD

G. F. WATTS

Luxmoore wrote again. This time Watts sought out the original sketch and set to work upon a new picture which was placed in Eton Chapel on June 4th, 1897. It shows the young knight standing bareheaded by the side of his white horse in the solitude of the forest, and gazing with rapt eyes on the Holy Grail. I have known a mother give a copy of the *Galahad* to her boy at his Confirmation; it is easy to imagine the happy smile of Watts, had he heard that his vision was bearing its message far beyond the bounds of the school for which he made it.

Watts's *Galahad* and Bertram Mackennal's Eton War Memorial,—the nude youth with arms outstretched, offering himself to his country without reserve,—a bronze which Lord Harcourt named "Take Me" —show that the alliance of physical and spiritual beauty still has power to move

those who are near enough to childhood to escape the dazzle and rattle which so many of us mistake for life. Akin to the gift of the *Galahad* was Watts's suggestion that frescoes should be painted on the walls of the classrooms in the great public schools during the summer holidays and be there with their messages of great truths and noble deeds when the scholars returned to work. As Watts visioned the purpose of art such pictures would have had an educational value as real as any that come from the more familiar books.

The gift of the *Hope* and the *Galahad* belong to a time when Watts had tasted the fruit of financial success, but his custom was much the same earlier in his career. In 1847, when the nation purchased his *Alfred*, Watts put the very low price of £200 upon it, hoping that his action would enable the Royal Commission to extend to

other artists the honour and advantage of having their work purchased by the nation. The *Alfred* now hangs in a Committee room in the House of Lords. A few years later Watts offered to decorate the great Hall at Euston Station with a series of mural decorations, asking no more than actual out of pocket expenses for scaffolding, colours and the like. If Watts had had the rugged impetuosity of Tintoretto he would, doubtless, have painted and placed the pictures in position first and asked permission afterwards. Euston Station might then have become more than a railway station, as the Scuola of San Rocco at Venice is more than a deserted guild-house. The directors of the L. & N.W. Railway did not realize what was being offered. Perhaps they really feared the fate which their architect predicted, that he and the directors alike would be stoned by agitated shareholders if Euston Station was

made a thing of beauty and a joy for ever, though the cost represented no more than paint and scaffolding. At any rate, the directors' reply was a definite "No."

These paintings, designed to minister to what their maker conceived to be the mental and spiritual needs of his countrymen, bring us once more to the influences noted in the opening pages of this study. Watts lived and worked through the century which saw the rise of modern democracy. Few artists have less claim than Watts to be called "the painter of British democracy." Indeed, to the present, there has been no Millet and no Meunier in England. The people of the Middle Ages built the communal cathedrals, but the Gothic art of to-day, an art made by the people and embodying the thought and belief of the people, has yet to arise. When such an art arises, with its humour, its uncalculating exuberance of emotion and its

indifference to academic craft, it will be very different from the stoic visions of Watts. Nevertheless, the body of thought which Watts expressed arose directly from ideas astir in his age. Without sympathy with the problems raised by industrialism and the growth of great cities, a very different personality would speak in that quiet hall in the Tate Gallery.

After the first triumph of democracy at the time of the 1832 Reform Bill, Britain resigned itself to the direction of a small body of capitalists, working upon a theory of competitive contract. The theory was too frigid and calculating to inspire a vital art. It may have been responsible for Frith's *Derby Day* and *The Railway Station*, but little more. The Reform Act marked the transition from a monarchical and feudal system to an industrial system in which the suffrages of the many were to have a new

importance, but it did not bring about the habits of mind which are most closely connected with an appreciation of the beautiful in nature and the significant in art. Instead, man was conceived as a reasonable creature, seeking his own happiness, and from this social philosophers deduced the proposition that government by the majority would result in the happiness of the majority. A political ideal arose which was summed up in the phrase, ' the greatest happiness of the greatest number.' Men were thus led to the belief that if a country became richer it must become happier. They scoffed when Ruskin asked what was the good of a train from Islington to Camberwell which only took a man from a dismal and illiberal life in Islington to an equally dismal and illiberal life in Camberwell, just as they scoffed a generation later when Tolstoi cried ' what men aim at in life is not to do what they think good, but

to call as many things as possible "mine."' So far as the direct effect of Victorian politics upon art and thought were concerned, the end was the philistinism of the 'seventies and the agnosticism of the 'nineties. Victorian art, whether in literature, poetry or painting, arose rather as a protest against materialism, utilitarianism and similar social doctrines. Thus the revolt of the mediævalists came with Rossetti. He and his followers found satisfaction in old-world dreams, as Whistler found an escape in æsthetic moods. Later came the Pierrotic nightmares of Beardsley and, finally, the devastating mockeries of the Post-Impressionists, the Cubists and other ultra-moderns.

Watts was not associated with any of these Victorian "isms." Rather he was the artist of the Aristocratic Compromise. Realizing the consequences of the Reform Bill, a section of the aristocracy of Britain

determined to make terms with the Middle Class. Watts was one of the recruits which aristocracy made from the lower middle class : Carlyle was another ; his " Latter Day Pamphlets " convinced many a doubter that a beneficent despotism was a far from unsatisfactory form of Government. The Aristocratic Compromise proved so successful that, within eight years of the passing of the Reform Bill, Peel had rallied the newly-enfranchised voters to the Tory Party, to the support of established institutions. And, in truth, the aristocrats did much to justify their alliance with the masses. Though the railways and steamships were reducing the value of their estates, the great landlords were generous in decreasing rents and accepting agrarian reforms, and Lord Shaftesbury and his Tory associates took the lead in the factory reforms of 1843 and 1847, which resulted in the labour of women and children

being limited to ten hours a day. Later, Maurice, Kingsley, and the Christian Socialists took over some of the functions of the Chartists.

Of the two movements, Watts was more closely associated with the reformers, led by Lord Shaftesbury. Despite his birth, Watts became a convinced aristocrat. He said, 'I confess I should like to have a fine name and a great ancestry; it would be delightful to me to feel as though a long line of worthies were looking down upon me and urging me to sustain their dignity.' Imbued with such ideas, he had little sympathy with the destruction of class-distinctions threatened by democracy. Born twenty years too late to share the sympathies of Shelley and the Romanticists who revolted against the reaction typified by the Holy Alliance, Watts was moved by the sorrows of the poor as Mrs. Browning and Hood

were moved. For a while after his return from Italy the failure of his efforts to revive fresco painting in England resulted in a series of pictures which included *Found Drowned*, *The Irish Famine* and the *Seamstress*, the latter echoing Hood's 'Song of the Shirt,' as *Found Drowned* echoed Hood's 'One more Unfortunate, weary of Breath.' In 1850, Watts exhibited *The Good Samaritan*, which he dedicated to Thomas Wright, a Manchester philanthropist, who had done much for discharged prisoners. Watts's association with Lord and Lady Holland cemented his alliance with the aristocratic reformers, alike against the Whig capitalists and the reforming Chartists.

Yet, in spite of these political views, it is impossible to label Watts, the artist, Tory or Whig or Revolutionary. Rather he was a good man, with the indignation of a good man faced with wrongs. He once proposed

to make a statue of Mammon and set it up in Hyde Park, in the hope that Mammon's worshippers would be honest enough to bow the knee. The plan was not carried through. Instead the picture *Mammon* was painted in 1885 and dedicated " To All his Worshippers."

In the same year the crusade which W. T. Stead called the " Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon " goaded Watts into painting *The Minotaur,* the personification of brutalised vice which hangs in the Tate Gallery. Half beast, half man, the Minotaur watches from his fortress wall. A little bird is crushed in his cruel claw. As in Watts's *Jonah,* the theme is an old-world story, but the application is for our own time. Every nine years the Cretan conquerors of Athens compelled the city to send a tribute of seven youths and seven maidens. A black-sailed ship took the

unfortunates to Crete. They were thrown into the Minotaur's labyrinth to wander wildly until devoured by the monstrous brute. The Greek tale gave him the first idea, but Watts had put the original myth aside before the first sketch was completed. The burden which lay upon his soul, and which he wished his countrymen also to bear, was the horror of those girls, fifteen, sixteen and seventeen years of age, sacrificed week after week upon the altar of man's vice. After reading Mr. Stead's article he went to his studio and in three hours painted the picture as we see it to-day. None will desire to see the public galleries of Europe and America filled with such denunciations. But they may well feel that Watts would have been less than the man this study shews him to have been if he had not been moved to a heartfelt protest through the only means at his command—his art.

Tate Gallery

MAMMON

G. F. WATTS

Mammon is the symbol of the environment which makes a Modern Babylon possible. There were slave drivers in the past; to-day, there is Mammon. Cruel and insolent, moneybags in lap, Watts pictured the gorgeous golden draperies hanging awkwardly from the brown-skinned and coarsed-limbed God of Modernity. The naked boy and girl whom Mammon crushes are types of the humanity which has accepted the serfdom of the god. The thought symbolised in the picture has been admirably analysed in Mr. G. K. Chesterton's study of Watts. Chesterton imagines a man, sick of the conventional argosies and cornucopias of Commerce, stopping before Watts's picture in the Tate Gallery and being arrested by it. 'Yes,' he says, 'this is something which in spirit and essence I have seen before. That bloated, unconscious face, so heavy, so violent—that is

Commerce and this is why men fear him and why men endure him.'

Does such a picture as *Mammon* diminish vice? Does it increase virtue? Whatever may be the answer, the diminution of vice is not the primary aim of an artist; the painter whose only aim is moral edification will fail in comparison with the artist who is absorbed in the effort to reach the perfection granted to him by his material. Nevertheless, the intellectual power to grip and develop current thought, and the emotional power to express it with enthusiasm and conviction, are signs of an outstanding personality. By such means an artist or thinker imprints his influence upon his age. The desire to treat the problems of his day is part of a high-minded and full-hearted personality. Even if an artist cannot directly increase virtue, he may lift the individual beholder from one stratum of

temptation to another, where right-doing is less difficult. In this sense the endeavour of a poet-painter need not be in vain, even from the standpoint of morals. Writing to the Bishop of Newcastle in 1900, Watts defined his moral purpose by drawing the analogy that, as music echoes the Divine voice heard in Creation, art should clear the sight to the manifestation of the Divine power in the loveliness of nature. There were times, however, when social wrong-doing stirred Watts to a direct expression of his beliefs. Then, like the prophet in his own *Jonah*, he flung out his arms and cried the Almighty's warning:

"Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown!"

The *Jonah* is in the Tate Gallery. In the frieze at the back of the gaunt prophet, Watts depicted the sins of a godless age—gambling, money grubbing and drunkenness.

The form of the carved reliefs is such as might have been seen in the palace of a Babylonian despot 2,500 years ago. But Watts speaks to this present time. His message was to those who lived in 1895 and to us, their children, who are recreating Britain after the devastation, material and spiritual, wrought by a World War.

For He Had Great Possessions is yet another sermon in paint. When at work upon the canvas, Watts said, "Now I am doing a man's back, little else than his back, to explain the verse :—'And he was sad at that saying and went away grieved'": Watts went on, "Fancy a man turning his back on Christ rather than give away his goods! They say his back looks sorrowful. Maybe. At any rate, that is what I meant to express."

Progress is a social sermon in a less concrete form, and being a late work (1903–4)

is more representative of Watts the Christian Stoic than of Watts the social prophet. The imagination of the painter had long brooded over the Riders of the Revelation, and in *Progress* he pictured the Rider on the White Horse as a symbol of the onward march of humanity. A crown had been given to him who sat on the White Horse, and he went forth conquering, and to conquer. From the guidance of the Rider there turns one to search for wisdom, with no more aid than a guttering candle, and another to grub in the muck for gold; while a third mortal sleeps, a fourth sees, and understanding the Vision, holds his gaze upon the Light.

Life's Illusion, now in the Tate Gallery, was one of the earliest pictures in which Watts expressed his philosophy of life and conduct. It was painted at Dorchester House in 1847, when the influence of Italy

was strong upon him. A knight on horseback pursues the rainbow-tinted bubble of glory; female forms, symbols of the hopes and ambitions which torment humanity, hover above; while a child chases a butterfly, recalling the elusiveness of fame and power. With *Time and Oblivion*, completed at the same time, *Life's Illusions* was one of Watts's favourites among his own works, doubtless because it was one of his first efforts to put his philosophy of life into form and colour. After the memorable exhibition of Watts's work at the New Gallery in the winter of 1896–7, the painter said that these pictures were the two which seemed to come near his mark. Of *Time and Oblivion*, he added, "I think Phidias would have said, 'Go on, you may do something.'" In 1902 he said, "It is in many respects my best picture."

One can understand the return of an old

man to a youthful love and yet realise that the direct influence of Titian and the great Italians had to be shed before the fully-characteristic canvases of twenty and thirty years later were possible. There is no ' best picture ' by Watts, for the man and his message are only revealed to those who will link a dozen canvases into a single impression and understand that the painter revealed himself, not by what he did in one or ten years, but by what he did during a life of ninety years.

CHAPTER III.

Style and Subjects.

THOUGH portrait painting occupied a great part of Watts's early and middle life, and he produced more than three hundred portraits in oils, and numberless heads in chalk, pastel and pencil, Watts said "Portraiture is not in my line." His search for the abiding rather than the passing, and his insistence upon the beautiful as opposed to the ignoble in human character, however, are seen as clearly in the pictures of Tennyson, of Manning, of Carlyle and the rest as in the purely imaginative works. The comparison afforded by the portraits of Watts with the realistic portraiture in an Academy or a Salon is also significant. Watts was under no misapprehension as to the difficulties under which a

modern portrait painter labours and which persuade many portrait painters to content themselves with mere likenesses. Remembering the difficulties Watts said, " Any fool can copy," adding that a photographic lens would accomplish these mere copyings of Nature far more accurately than any artist could hope to do. It is the soul that a man puts upon the canvas for the delight and improvement of his fellow-men that the lens cannot accomplish. Nevertheless, in a letter to Mr. Spielmann, the painter also said, " It is a mistake to consider that my portraiture is in the ordinary sense ideal ; it is intended, on the contrary, to be very real, and to make it so my endeavour is to paint the mental as well as the physical likeness. I always try, as the chief essential, to sink myself altogether in the portraits I paint."

Realism and the search for the real are very different things ; Watts's aim was to

make each portrait the summary of a life, not the record of a moment or an hour. When painting Tennyson in 1889, Watts expressly said that his aim was to shew the grandeur of the poet's head, not by accentuating or emphasising—the method of the mere likeness maker—but rather by keeping in mind those lines which are the noblest. "What I try for is the half unconscious insistence upon the nobilities of the subject." While Watts was painting the earlier portrait of Tennyson in 1858, the poet was writing "Lancelot and Elaine"; he asked the painter what was in his mind when he set to work on a portrait. Later Watts's reply was translated into Tennysonian verse, and is to be found in the memorable lines:—

> As when a painter, poring on a face,
> Divinely thro' all hindrance finds the man
> Behind it and so paints him that his face,
> The shape and colour of a mind and life,
> Lives for his children, ever at its best
> And fullest.

"Ever at its best." How many of the greater portrait painters of to-day claim such an aim? Could Tennyson's lines be applied to their life's work without foolishness? Many, whose canvases fill big spaces at the Academy or the Salons, are not even loyal to their subjects. It has been said of Sargent that "he hates his sitters with splendid accuracy." There have been times in art when such hatred was required. Perhaps Sargent is a necessity. But to-day the world has more need of the sympathetic penetration of character, for our age values too lightly what is enduring in the spirit. Just because his art is so full an embodiment of the modern spirit, Sargent is over-faithful in portraying what is fleeting. Posterity will judge between the ideals of Sargent and of Watts, and it will admit that Watts had not the assured technique of some modern portrait painters; at times he had to wrestle

with his pigment; but he found things to love where Sargent found something less than noble.

Watts was not an unprejudiced critic of a Sargent portrait. But there is much in his dictum that "Sargent's figures *exist* with startling vividness but they do not live. They are as if electrified, galvanised into a violent temporary existence." The comparison between the two forms of art suggests that there is a more lofty truth in the conception which comes from and returns to the in-dwelling spirit, as was the manner of Watts. There are moments when this in-dwelling spirit transfigures a face and these are the moments which the great portrait painter must seize; for they are the moments humanity should treasure.

Watts always counted his portrait of Carlyle, painted in 1867 and now in the

National Portrait Gallery, a failure. He was conscious that the sitting was wearisome to Carlyle. "I said I would sit and so I will do so," said Carlyle doggedly when Watts apologised. Yet Meredith wrote of this apparent failure, " Carlyle has the look of Lear encountering the storm on the Cornish coast. You have given him that look in your portrait." Whether Meredith was right, or whether the hammer-hammer spirit of Carlyle escaped the gentler-souled painter, still it was the man behind the mask whom Watts wished to set down, for that was the real man—the Carlyle who had taught all earnest people that they must take life seriously and do some work for the world ; that there is a yea and a nay, and that all must make choice of the one or the other.

Others of the series in the National Portrait Gallery equally repay analysis

from the stand-point of setting down what was eternal in the man. Morris, with the "mystery" look in his shrewd grey eyes; alert at times, but ready enough to dream when the catapult mood was not uppermost. The rocky-countenanced Lyndhurst; Walter Crane, a picture beautiful in the quality of the very paint, as suited the picture of a fellow in the craft; the portrait of Leighton, too, another painter; and perhaps the most remarkable of all, Manning in his cardinal-red robes, who lives in these few feet of painted canvas as surely as he does in the word-study of Lytton Strachey. Read what the historian has to tell and then seek out Watts's picture; the relation between ultimate truth and what is enduring in human character will become plainer. The method of Watts did not necessarily result in loss of power; seeking "the best" in each sitter did not necessarily mean

flattery. Manning was a big enough figure in mid-Victorian social history to be interesting without flattery.

The noble series in the National Portrait Gallery was inaugurated in 1883 when Watts presented to the nation his *Lyndhurst*, his *Stratford de Redcliffe* and the *Lord Lyons*. In 1895, to celebrate the opening of the new buildings in St. Martin's Place, Watts added seventeen other canvases, including the *Matthew Arnold*, the *Browning*, the *Mill*, the *Manning*, the *Rossetti*, the later *Tennyson*, the *Carlyle*, the *Owen Meredith* and the *Sir Henry Taylor*. Already there was the nucleus of a portrait gallery of eminent Victorians. Later when Morris died, Watts gave the Gallery his picture of the poet of British democracy, and, when Lord Leighton passed away, the beautiful canvas, painted in 1881, of his friend the President of the Royal Academy. The *Walter Crane* came to

the National Portrait Gallery in 1915, a noble harmony in golden browns and an abiding evidence of how well Watts could paint.

Under Watts's will other portraits of eminent contemporaries passed to the nation, as each followed Watts to the grave, the *Swinburne* and others. It is a pity that the hanging arrangements in the National Portrait Gallery do not permit of all the Watts portraits being placed in a single room. Perhaps this may still be possible ; if so an artistic joy will be added to the historical and intellectual records provided by the generosity and far-sighted vision of the poet-portrait painter.

In an equally noble, though less uniformly successful, series of women portraits, Watts avoided alike the mood of easy flattery and psychological analysis. In place of individual character, he emphasised what he saw of

grace in womanhood. When the history of Victorian womanhood is written, it will be illustrated by many pictures by Watts from the early *Lady Holland* and the gracious *Marchioness of Waterford* (1848) to the sumptuous full length, *The Hon. Mrs. Percy Wyndham* (1877) and the *Miss Rachel Gurney of* 1885, better known as the *Countess of Darnley*, which hangs in Cobham Hall, Kent. The brush of Watts assures us that there are qualities in English womanhood which escape a Laszlo, a Boldini, and even a Sargent, qualities which we may hope are more abiding than those which so many portrait painters discover in the women of our time.

Of Watts's landscapes, not a large part of his lifework, it will suffice to say that the ideal quality found in so much of his art is to be traced in them also. *The Dove that Returned* (1869) and *The Dove that*

Returned Not may be regarded as seascapes or as Biblical illustration, as the spectator chooses. The *Mount Ararat* and the *Carrara Mountains*, both painted in the 'eighties, also witness to the painter's obsession with the eternal in nature, rather than the passing. To copy a natural scene was not enough and a measure of the lofty imaginings of Watts passed into his landscapes as they passed into the allegories and portraits. He knew that nature and humanity alike are forms of the creative joy of God, and in the light of this knowledge he painted both. Towards the close of his life Watts's interest in landscape painting increased, but, for the most part, these broadly-painted sketches recall holidays in which the master renewed his contact with the natural world, before a fresh bout of work. The sketch of Budrum in Asia Minor, with its big rainy sky, recalls the Halicarnassus tour with Sir

Charles Newton; the *Savoy Alps* and the Highlands sketches recall the visit to Switzerland in 1887, and the trip to Scotland in 1899, when the broad belts of heather and the colour of the hills and lochs of Inverness impressed themselves so strongly upon the painter's imagination. Lastly, the night scenes at Freshwater and Farringford are instinct with memories of visits to the Tennysons in the Isle of Wight.

Themes drawn directly from Greek legend make up a goodly part of Watts's life-work. In a well-known picture he represented Diana in pale blue robes and still retaining the form of the crescent moon, descending earthwards to touch the lips of her mortal lover. The subject of Orpheus and Eurydice made a special appeal to Watts on account of his life-long obsession with the mystery of death. Perhaps the painting of this subject which haunts the memory most surely is the

half-length painted in 1869, shewing Eurydice fainting in her husband's arms as she hears the dread summons, though this version of the story has less of romance than the full-length picture which shews the lute falling from the singer's hand and the lily dropping from the dying woman ; for that very reason it better suggests the mingled restraint and emotion which betokened the Greek in the presence of death.

The myth of Psyche and Eros made its appeal to Watts as part of a long series of picture-poems, dealing with the mystery of Love. The Greek story expressed the union of the human soul and the divine principle of Love, felt but unseen. Yearning to see the mysterious god, Psyche lights her lamp and Eros is taken from her. Only through suffering does she find him once more. In Watts's picture, Psyche stands in the grey dawn looking with downcast eyes upon the

Wyndham Collection

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

G. F. WATTS

smouldering lamp and the crimson feathers torn from the wings of the flying Eros. Too late, she knows what she has lost.

A score of other pictures might be mentioned derived from Greek mythology. *The Childhood of Zeus, Ganymede, Daphne, Hyperion, Prometheus,* the two pictures of the deserted Ariadne, *The Bacchanal, Europa, Mount Olympus* and *Dawn.* The *Wife of Pygmalion,* which Gladstone so admired, was painted in 1868; of the picture, Swinburne wrote: "So it seems a Greek painter must have painted women, when Greece had immortal pictures fit to match her imperishable statues. In this translation of a Greek statue into an English picture, no less than in the bust of Clytie, we see how, in the hands of a great artist, painting and sculpture may become sister arts indeed, yet without invasion or confusion; how, without any forced alliance of form and colour, a picture

may share the gracious grandeur of the subtle bloom of beauty proper to a statue."

The beautiful bronze of *Clytie* is now in the Tate Gallery. Apart from its power and grace, the work has an honourable place in the history of the renaissance of English sculpture. It was modelled some years before Leighton's *Athlete and Python* and has a full measure of the naturalism which English sculpture required if the art was to be lifted from the groove of conventionalism in which it had been moving for half a century, in spite of the noble efforts of Alfred Stevens. In the *Clytie* there are the qualities of classic art, nobility of conception, largeness of treatment and an absence of that realism which shews that the artist's imagination did not suffice to fuse his visions into a new unity. The *Clytie* was studied from three models. Watts's favourite model, *Long Mary*, suggested the magnificence

of line and the flexibility of movement ; the muscles were drawn from a male model ; while Margaret Burne-Jones, then a child of three, was the inspiration for some of the most telling masses and curves. For the rest, Watts had the story of the nymph beloved of the Sun God, who pined in grief when deserted by her lover and was changed at last into the sun-flower. The poet tells that the flower ever turns its face to the sun in its course.

The right use of the human model and the wedding of the mortal being to the everlasting thought, be it narrative or idea, are things which can most surely be learnt from the Greek example. Writing of the Parthenon statuary, Watts said :—

" The Greeks taught me all my principles of form. After very careful study I found that they, perceiving in the skeleton the identity, with modifications, of the structure of the lower animals, took the greatest pains to accentuate all that belonged

exclusively to the human. . . . The Greek accentuated the straightness of the forehead, the projection of the brows, the straightness of the line of the nose, because they were all entirely human characteristics. The Greeks shortened the space between the chest and the stomach and lengthened it from the throat to below the breast in man and woman."

Even in technical matters Watts strove to find the general rule and the philosophical justification. True, the knowledge that came to him through the great Greeks was only second-hand. The decorators and builders of the Parthenon were in daily contact with sights and experiences which Watts knew only too well were lacking in modern life, to the great loss of painters and sculptors. Nevertheless, the Greek example was potent enough to stamp its impress upon his imagination to life's end.

The example of the Greek sculptor did much for Watts. But it failed to suggest

a complete solution of the nineteenth century problem. Whereas the Athenian was mainly occupied with ideas of an intellectual order, Watts could not quietly put aside every thought which defied clear definition. The Greek sculptor had even been able to eliminate the mystery from Death. To him, Death was no more than a woman with features veiled. Such a symbol does not suffice for the European of our day. The fear of death is too deeply ingrained in our nature to be exorcised thus easily. We shall return to the part which Death and the representation of Death had in Watts's art and philosophy. For the present it is sufficient to emphasise that it was the Greek example, and particularly the sculptures of the Parthenon, which assured Watts that great art and a full life are indissolubly connected. Greek art was not a thing apart from Greek life. A sense of high

national achievement and a radiant consciousness of a happy harmony of human powers were the true source of its beauty and worth. The crowning satisfaction of the Greek as artist was that the people were ever preparing themes for their sculptors, their dramatists and their poets, and the people saw to it that those themes did not escape the possibility of clear definition. The Greek artist was forced to content himself with subjects which he could express lucidly. Hence the perfection of Greek sculpture, a perfection which shewed Watts how much he needed the guiding and guarding criticism of large bodies of his countrymen.

Let there be no mistake. Ancient Greece furnished an example to Watts but there was no question of copying from some other age than his own. What the Greek had, and what Watts hungered for, was the understanding and appreciation of his own people ;

Watts, on the contrary, always felt he was working alone. His methods were so unlike those of other men that for long years his countrymen were puzzled. If his life's work proved only a series of sonnets when it might have been an epic, it was because the Englishman was denied a vital contact with his fellows. But Watts, like William Cory, never prayed for dryads to haunt the woods again :—

More welcome were the presence of hungering, thirsting men,
Whose doubts we could unravel, whose hopes we could fulfil,
Our wisdom tracing backward, the river to the rill ;
Were such beloved forerunners one summer day restored,
Then, then we might discover the Muse's mystic hoard.

Had the faith and experience of Watts attained epic form, it would have found expression in his *House of Life.* To the last, Watts professed himself unable to

formulate his beliefs upon the place of man in the scheme of creation, but he recognised that mankind has been divinely dowered. He saw Humanity placed, as it were, in some mysterious hall, vaulted by the blue heavens; here, dwelling in the presence of the Creator, man was left to a life of endeavour, rejoicing in the beauty of existence, and accepting his position with seriousness, modesty, sympathy and above all, sincerity. It was a dream of the painter to build a symbolical House of Life. In its halls and corridors, he designed to place a series of pictures upon the mysteries of life and death as bodied forth in the history of human existence. From a memorandum drawn up by the painter, we may gain an impression of the House of Life, as Watts imagined it. The ceiling of the central hall was to be painted with the fathomless blue of space, from which the Sun, the Earth and

the Moon would shine forth and suggest the prime fact of the Universe, the Immensity of Time. So the picture *Time and Oblivion* was to come into its place in the general scheme. Attendant upon the Earth were the twin, but antagonistic, forces of Attraction and Repulsion, the negative and positive poles of electricity. Dividing the ceiling by a golden band, upon which were the Signs of the Zodiac, Watts purposed to paint a nearer view of the scene in space and time against which the Divina Commedia is unfolded. Gigantic figures stretched at full length were to represent the mountain ranges, which make up the bony structure of the planet; silence and repose characterised the Titans. The revolving centuries, personified by womanly figures of beauty, were to glide beneath the crags upon which the gigantic forms lay, suggesting the negligible effects of Time upon the everlasting hills, as

compared with the effects of Time upon humanity. The ceiling completed, Watts proposed to fill the House of Life with pictures which would illustrate the story of man—first the hunter, slowly raising himself above the brute beasts; next the pastoralist and the tamer and trainer of the domestic animals. So Watts conceived the coming of a patriarchal Golden Age, a time when men enjoyed as much happiness as humanity is heir to, equally removed from the torments of ambition and the degradations of a merely animal existence. Here Watts proposed to introduce themes drawn from the Book of Job.

But the Golden Age ended. Watts imagined the coming of the tyrant, the rise of slavery, and the congregation of men in great cities, until the pageant of the historic civilisations commenced. Egypt, Babylonia, Palestine, Persia, India, Greece, Rome, the dawn of Christianity, the coming of the

Middle Ages, the rise of the Saracen power, and the Crusades. Watts purposed to illustrate them all, until the House of Life was furnished with a pictured history of the Spirit of Man.

The House of Life of Watts, like Rodin's Tower of Labour, never gained material form. Similarly, the scheme for the decoration of the Town Hall, Manchester, projected in 1879, failed to reach accomplishment. For Manchester, Watts imagined a series of symbolic pictures bodying forth the happiness that might come if the higher human aspirations could be realised and the degradation which comes from disobedience to the divine law could be avoided. *Time, Death and Judgment* and the *Court of Death* would have had their place in this scheme. Both the House of Life and the decoration of the Manchester Town Hall proved beyond Watts's achievement and so must be ranked

among the lost opportunities which might have welded his craft and thought into epic form. Even the best among Watts's contemporaries did not understand the ideal enshrined in the House of Life. Kingsley, Maurice and the Christian Socialists, who might have been expected to sympathise with it, sought expression for the aesthetic and spiritual strivings of the mid-Victorian age in other directions. Ruskin and the pre-Raphaelites were equally far from understanding this part of Watts's aim. Nevertheless half a dozen pictures which might have made their mute appeal from the walls of the House of Life remain, most of which may be found in the Watts Room at the Tate Gallery.

Chaos might have been the first picture in the cycle of the *Progress of Cosmos*. In it we see the passing of the world from the first wild negation of all things to the beauty

of ordered creation. On the one side is the tumultuous upheaval and disturbance before the Spirit brooded over the waters, a tumult of disorder which is rendered the more significant by the rocky forms of the Titans who cleave the earthy masses of which they are still a part. In his vision of *Chaos*, or *Cosmos*, as he would have preferred to call the picture, Watts must have had in mind the familiar lines from 'In Memoriam.'

> The hills are shadows and they flow
> From form to form and nothing stands:
> They melt like mists, the solid lands,
> Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

In the middle of the design, where the vast, immeasurable abyss, outrageous, wasteful, wild, is stilled by the passing of the Shaper of Things, the vaporous uncertainty of the sky suggests the Creator's thought of creatures yet unborn. Everything is potentially in the cosmic vapour, because

everything lay potentially in the mind and creating hand of the Shaper of Things. Light is there, but it is veiled in mist. Air and water are still commingled. On the other side of the picture are giant forms, symbols of the newly created continents as they arose about the vast mountain ranges, and below the dancing figures of the Hours, symbolising the passage of time.

The forms of the mountains in *Chaos* were suggested to the painter by the stains and cracks on the damp plaster of a wall. Sung Ti, a Chinese painter of the Eleventh Century, used a similar device for stirring the imagination to the search for what lies beyond natural things. To a pupil, he said, "You should choose an old tumbledown wall and throw over it a piece of white silk. Morning and evening you should gaze at it, until at length you see the ruin through the silk; its prominences, its levels, its zigzags

and its cleavages, storing them in the mind and fixing them in the eye. Gradually these prominences, wrinkles and hollows will assume the shapes of mountains, streams and forests ; you can fancy travellers wandering among them and birds flying through the air." As Watts looked upon the mouldering plaster he saw in vision the whole composition of *Chaos*. Years after, he painted the picture. Finally, when he had lived for a while under the shadow of the Alps, Watts was able to echo the cry of Turner. Not only the Sun, but the everlasting hills were God. He had not been wrong in seeing in the snow-clad mountains most sure symbols of the Creator's work. " It would," he said, " be worth anything to live amongst such hills and have them to look at at all times." Partaking of earth and sky, they combined the strength and reality of mortal earth with the blue-celestial of eternity.

The picture of *Chaos* would have been one of a series picturing the story of mankind as it has come to us in biblical, mythical, poetical and verifiable history. The three pictures of the Eve series also had a place in the unfulfilled ambition. With the creation of Eve, the world was finished, the Spirits of the upper air were free to rise in triumph to heaven. Watts embodied his imaginings of this stupendous moment in the canvas, *She shall be called Woman.* Newly born, with the glow of Creation still about her, Eve rises amid a profusion of fruit and flowers. Purple and white crocuses spring in her path ; lilies, the emblems of purity, are at her side, yet, at her feet, is the gleam of the serpent's scales. Above, the clouds mingle with her hair and woman reaches beyond the rainbow of hope. Only the face is hidden, in as much as woman is not yet known in the fulness of her perfection ;

the upturned features are shadowed in the midst of light. It is not the Eve of Genesis ; it is not the Eve of Milton. Rather, it is the Eve of all time—strong, fresh, vital, electric—an embodiment of the ideal inheritance of humanity from the great Earth Mother.

In " The Annals of an Artist's Life," Mrs. Watts tells that her husband saw Eve as the central figure of the Universe, that which Plato had seen as a column of light extending through the heaven and the earth, in colour resembling the rainbow, only brighter and purer. Writing to Mr. Spielmann regarding *She shall be called Woman*, Watts said that the picture would be wholly out of place on the Academy walls. " I should like to have it criticised in the Elgin Room of the British Museum, while the two first books of ' Paradise Lost ' were read, or Beethoven's ' Moonlight Sonata ' was being played."

Watts was not a scientific painter, but he was not unmindful of the effects of different lines, masses, and colours upon the feelings. Höffding, in his "Outlines of Psychology," touches upon the matter, and shews that purple, red, orange, and yellow have a stimulating effect and excite activity and movement. Blues, on the contrary, are depressing. Goethe once described the mood induced by looking at a landscape through yellow glasses on a dark winter's day. He tells how the eye rejoices, the heart expands, the mind is cheered, an immediate warmth seems to breathe in on us. Blue, on the contrary, gives a feeling of chilliness, by recalling shadows; green, which comes between mournful blue and cheering yellow, produces the impression of repose, without the cold of blue and the strong stimulus of red. Of a brilliantly illuminated landscape, looked at through purple glass, Goethe said:

"This must be the tone of colour which will encompass heaven and earth on the Day of Judgment." In composing the trilogy of "Eve," Watts subordinated everything in the design and colour scheme to an expression of the three stages through which human life must pass. In the first, the newly created soul is conscious rather of heaven than of earth; the hands fail to grasp the treasures of earth; the foot alone is firmly planted. In the second stage—in *Eve Tempted*—the dominion of the senses is over the soul; the figure is bent, because the Spirit is enslaved. At the feet of Eve lies a panther; the serpent glides among the branches; the woman's head is thrown back in an ecstasy of abandonment to the flowers and fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. In the third picture—*Eve Repentant*—the earthly paradise has been wrecked. In place of the strong columnar line of *Woman* and

the bent line of utter weakness in *Eve Tempted*, Watts uses the leaning line which suggests a return to the upright line of strength and yet calls for support. An agony of remorse and shame is to be found in the colossal form blindly groping for heavenly aid. The *Eve Repentant* contains yet another of Watts's wonderful back views. Note, too, the splendid sweep of the great limb upward from the firmly planted foot, a Mother of Men this.

As the elemental lines of each picture were changed to express the varying emotion, so was the colour. In place of the glowing hues of *She shall be called Woman* and the vibrant tones of *Eve Tempted*, the colours of *Eve Repentant* are saddened. In the first picture, the sun of creation is smiling upon a new world of infinite possibility and beauty; in the second, humanity experiences the stir of its own vitality, no less attractive

and no less beautiful, but instinct with the possibility of evil and sorrow; in the third, where there is a return to relative peace, where men and women can accept the world as a gift to be enjoyed rather than as a possession to be squandered, the colours are the low-toned greens and browns of a twilight shadowland.

The Diploma picture painted between 1870 and 1872, *My punishment is greater than I can bear* was also intended for the House of Life. To Watts, the story of Cain and Abel was a drama in little of the eternal world tragedy of selfish man. Cain was the symbol of reckless selfish humanity, ever killing his brother. The picture hangs in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House, and in it Watts shews the denouncing voices of conscience reproaching Cain with the sins which culminated in his brother's death. The murderer is even denied the redemption

of human punishment. "No man may slay him." Brute creation itself has no part with Cain and "no birds sing." Yet, all the time, Watts imagined an angel voice striving to make itself heard above the evil passions which haunted the murderer, and, in the *Death of Cain*, painted in 1886, and also in the possession of the Royal Academy, Watts pictured the murderer as an aged pilgrim. Broken by his long journey, Cain has returned to die upon Abel's altar. As he sinks repentant upon it, the black cloud of his curse is removed and the light of heaven once more shines upon him. The sacrifice of the contrite heart has been accepted.

These biblical illustrations and reflections may be supplemented by the happy invention known as *Building the Ark*, shewing Noah as a patriarchal figure bearing two great planks for the boat, which his sons are fashioning in the foreground of the design.

Compton Gallery

BUILDING THE ARK

G. F WATTS

Here the painter does not rely upon symbols, but upon pictorial invention. The huge planks and the mighty limbs of the patriarch form a great cross which dominates the canvas, lines and masses which are in happy contrast to the swirl of the rising waters and the curves of the feminine figures in the background. All of the pictures of Watts do not shew this pictorial invention; at times he relied unduly upon symbolism, which might well have been left in the written words of his title. But when Watts chose to rely upon pictorial invention, again and again he proved himself a master, as in the *Eve Repentant*, the *Love and Death* and the *Hope*, which may be a charming expression of an illusive emotion, but is also a concrete representation of something seen in the painter's imagination, which has taken form in a combination of certain curves and colours. It is important to

emphasise this, as the form of this study, centring as it does around the ideas of Watts, might suggest that Watts the thinker is what matters. Watts the painter can only be understood when we recall what the painter thought and how he felt. But Watts, just because he was a painter, was primarily a mind sensitive to form and colour and should be judged by his success in selecting the forms and colours which best represent the world of nature and humanity as he found it. Watts was a master-artist by virtue of what he did, not by reason of what he thought.

CHAPTER IV.

The Quality of the Artist.

IT remains to pass in rapid review the positive factors which made Watts the well-loved artist he is, rather than the negative circumstances which balked his life of its unity. From early manhood, Watts used his craft to keep alive what was noble in human aspiration and he helped his fellow countrymen to see Nature with surer and more intelligent insight. In doing this he was giving out what was within himself. Mrs. Watts, writing of a time before her marriage, tells how intercourse with the painter opened her eyes to the more beautiful aspects of humanity. Walking to the studio during a winter when Watts was at Brighton, she found the very faces in the street less

noble than a year before. Seeing only ugliness or worse, she divined that her interpretation had been different and that the revelation of the soul behind the face was failing her. It was Watts's gift, alike as artist and as man, to reveal the nobler overtones in human life. Still later, Mrs. Watts tells us, a clever woman who knew many of the leading men and women of the world said, " if I do not see Mr. Watts for some time I am the worse for it." In the light of this testimony let us look at yet another series of paintings, the only things which now reveal Watts the man. There are a number which treat aspects of human experience, from the moment when Youth is first tempted into the rose-wreathed paths of love and pleasure. *Mischief* was painted in 1878 and pictures the youth bending beneath the sprite's yoke, heavy, though it is but a wreath of flowers. Half ready, half unwilling, the

youth is led by Mischief. In the background are the strong towers upon the heights which shielded the man, until Mischief lured him away with her wiles, her golden locks, and the glitter of her iridescent wings. Already the roses are turning to briars about the limbs of the youth, as he nears the doom, suggested by the slough at his feet. Earlier, in 1865, Watts painted a similar subject suggested by Bojardo's " Orlando Innamorato." He called it *Fata Morgana*, and it is now in the Municipal Gallery at Leicester. The knight is in hot pursuit of Fortune, whom he vainly seeks to catch by the forelock of her hair, by which alone she can be taken.

The first of these pictures of youth and manhood, the *Sir Galahad*, has already been mentioned. This was designed in 1862. Four years later Watts painted *Aspiration*. In the dawn of the morning of life's battle, he

who wishes to be a standard-bearer looks out across the plain. He sees into the great possibilities of human life and the ardent spirit of youth is sobered by the burden of its responsibilities. The picture would say, with George Herbert :—

> Fool not ; for all may have
> If they dare try, a glorious life or grave.

The painter's tolerance as a moral teacher is shewn in the pictures in which he appealed directly to Christianity. Thus : *Faith,* clad in the colours of charity, becoming conscious of the beauty in the flowers and the joy in the songs of birds, washes her blood-stained feet in the waters of Truth. She lays aside the sword with which she had hitherto sought to convert the world. The painter desired to embody an idea which would be accepted by all godly people and not only by those of his own creed. The same vision of

the eternal truth which made Faith look up and see the myriad-coloured span of mercy in the heavens, is found in the *Spirit of Christianity*. Watts exhibited the picture in 1875 and dedicated it " To All the Churches " as a protest against their un-Christian divisions, and in hope that the day might yet come when there would be one fold and one shepherd. The Spirit of Christianity is throned high above the cities and plains of the world, and beneath her robe are gathered every human type and creed. Ruskin may be right in regretting that Watts substituted the sublimity of mystery for the near presence of the saints and angels in mediaeval Christian art. Yet, as Ruskin himself admitted, Watts's vision represents an essential difference in religious belief, which characterises the faith of our time. God is not vividly present to the thought of to-day. Watts would have been

false to the truth as he saw it, had he presented a substantial, bright and near presence as the symbol of Twentieth Century Christianity.

Watts was a mystic. Those who knew him best felt in the poet-painter "an unusual presence." At times there appeared a transcendental self, visible in spite of the cumbering outer form. Perhaps it was this transcendental self, the Soul's prism, whom Watts pictured in *The Dweller in the Innermost.* Watts imaged her winged, sitting silent and pensive within the glow of truth; a star on her forehead; upon her lap, the divine arrows that pierce through all shams; and the trumpet of the truth which is always in the conscience of men, though it may need the steadfast strength of a Son of God to sound it.

Watts was a mystic. He once awoke

from a dream to tell of a great anthem he had heard which would have been one of the great things of the world if he could have written it down. "Hallelujah, God is Great," was the theme.

He was a mystic, but a practical mystic; with him dreaming did not take the place of doing; the deed, not the idea or the word, was all important. The part Watts assigned to action may be found in the statue which occupied so much of his later years, the equestrian bronze, *Physical Energy*. The statue was unfinished at the artist's death, unfinished as Michelangelo's *Day* was unfinished. *Physical Energy* is the embodiment of that restless impulse to seek the unachieved in the world of material things, the impulse which drives a modern financier to seek to control more and yet more wealth, long after he has secured all the satisfaction which money can buy; the impulse which

sent Napoleon to Moscow, Alexander to the Ganges, and Tamburlaine "to ride in triumph through Persepolis," and which Marlowe summed up for each one of us in :—

> Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
> The wondrous architecture of the world,
> And measure every wandering planet's course,
> Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
> And always moving as the restless spheres,
> Will us to wear ourselves and never rest,
> Until we reach the ripest fruit of all.

In *Physical Energy* Watts sought to create a figure which should suggest man as a part of the whole creation, with his hand uplifted to the infinite, and his limbs fashioned like the knotted roots of some great tree. "I do not wish my man to be like any model you could find anywhere." In its present position in Kensington Gardens it is difficult to gain a full idea of the poetry of *Physical Energy*. The low plinth and the dwarfing

effect of the distant line of trees rob the statue of some of its power and from the front and the back the design is unfortunate, but there are aspects which reveal all the poet-artist intended. A replica of *Physical Energy* has been placed over the grave of Cecil Rhodes in Rhodesia. Those who best understand its message will carry the statue in imagination from the quiet glade in Kensington Gardens to the lonely waste of the Matoppo Hills, where the shaded gaze of the rider and the strain of the arrested horse tell of a continent still unconquered by man. As a memorial to Cecil Rhodes, *Physical Energy* gains its full significance. It becomes a call to achievements yet undreamed of. The placing of Watts's bronze above that grave in the Rhodesian hills is proof that the youth of Britain still listens to the call which drew Drake to the Horn, Cook to Botany Bay and Scott to the Pole.

Surely it is a worthy deed to have embodied an ideal so truly British in ever-during bronze.

Another noteworthy statue by Watts was the big equestrian statue, commenced in 1870, of Hugh Lupus, the mythical ancestor of the Dukes of Westminster, which was erected at Eaton Hall in September 1884. The original cast was given to the Crystal Palace by the Duke of Westminster. The recumbent statue to Bishop Lonsdale in Lichfield Cathedral, dating from 1869, the memorial to Lord Lothian for Jedburgh Abbey, and the statue of Tennyson which occupied the last years of Watts's life, are other works showing that Watts the sculptor was a figure in British art of only less interest than Watts the painter.

Realistic portraiture has a manifest contact with life and such pictures constitute a large portion of the best work in a modern

gallery, if only because a high standard can be reached by painters whose insight and craft would fail them if they essayed more imaginative flights. The same may be said of landscape painting, in its naturalistic aspect. The standard of landscape painting is on a high plane, especially in Britain. Nevertheless, it will not be by landscape painting or portraiture that the general public will be won to a sense of the full significance of the arts. The interests of humanity are primarily social and it is men and women and the thoughts and feelings of men and women, that men and women desire interpreted. This essay on the life and times of Watts, therefore, may fitly conclude with a consideration of the poet-painter's treatment of certain general themes which touch us all,—Life and Love and Death. The conjunction of words alone suggest a Watts picture and for years he was haunted

by the desire to make them realities for his countrymen.

The series may be introduced by one of the Cupid pictures, let us say *Good Luck to your Fishing*. Then, perhaps, the fancy, *The Habit does not make the Monk*, which was painted about 1888 and represents Cupid disguised under the cowl of a monk. A pretty girl visiting the studio asked the painter "At whose door is he knocking?" Watts retorted, "Oh, at yours, perhaps." *When Poverty comes in at the Door, Love flies out of the Window* was painted in a different mood and might be added to the category of morality paintings. A young wife, lying on her couch, is toying with a pet bird, careless of the disorder of the house. At the door appears hungry-eyed Poverty, in the form of a half-clad man; whilst Love, taking fright at the sight of the dread figure, escapes by the window.

More poignant in their treatment of love were the paintings of Paolo and Francesca, from Dante's " Divine Comedy." The earliest version dates from 1849 but the better known was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1879. In it Watts gave an added pathos to a great love tragedy by conceiving the hapless lovers as clasped in one another's arms and whirled along on the unceasing winds of Hell and, yet, amid the torment, still absorbed the one in the other. As an illustration of Dante's poem, many will prefer the glowing triptych of Rossetti, picturing the lovers amid the tongues of flame in the second circle of the Inferno, or the strange swirl of passion in Blake's engraving. With *Love and Life,* dating from 1883, and the two companion pictures, we come upon a series which spring in full meaning and beauty from the vision of Watts alone. All are familiar, but the

painter's commentary helps to make their meaning plain. In the first picture, Love with protecting wings is leading Life over the rocky steeps of existence. Life is a weak trembling girl, and as she is helped gently up the rugged pathway leading to the celestial blue, violets spring where Love has trod. Here is not the passion aflame in the Francesca story, nor the mingled pain and sweetness which made life a new thing for the youthful Dante, and yet Watts's Love is not quite the Charity of Christianity, whom Watts elsewhere pictured as a Madonna-like matron, seated in richly coloured raiment, with the children of her care. In *Love and Life*, Watts conceived a Love transcending and including all other aspects of the Erotes and the Charites and made it the emblem of a new religion of communal and personal service. He tells that for years he sought to understand and

illustrate a great moral conception of life, its duties and its pains and he came to the conclusion that, while Justice should be the main-spring of human action, Love should give the direction. The painter went on to describe Love and Life as his best composition illustrating this line of thought—Life, naked and bare, sustained through the steep ways of human conditions, until she reached the region of full thought and perfect character. From forgetfulness of this religion of Love, Watts saw spring almost all the injustice and misery of the world. He concluded: " This is what my painted parable would recall. I would suggest frail and feeble human existence aided to ascent from the lower to the higher plane by Love, with his wide wings of sympathy, charity, tenderness and human affection. Love is not intended to be either personal or carnal." And yet as Watts said elsewhere,

the Love of his conception had her feet on earth, for all that is spiritual in this life must gain its impetus from earth.

The first version of *Love and Death* was exhibited at the Dudley Gallery in 1870. Another, painted in 1877, is in the Manchester Whitworth Institute. The Tate Gallery version was painted in 1887. In 1869, Mrs. Barrington tells that Watts was painting the portrait of a young man of great promise who was dying. The portrait was continued at intervals. After each sitting the painter felt that the disease had a stronger hold upon the youth, that he was dropping closer to earth. All that loving friends could do was done, and from the memory of those fruitless efforts came the basic idea of *Love and Death.*

Love stands on the threshold of the House of Life, barring the entry against the fatal advance of Death. Already the bright

wings of the god are crushed against the lintel, the petals are falling from the roses which Love has set about the porch. The pale form of Death, clad in white from head to foot, his face concealed, presses forward with relentless tread ; the arm is uplifted above the head of Love as though he scarcely knows the boy is there. Of the picture, the painter wrote, "Love is not restraining Death, for it cannot do so. I wish to suggest the passionate, though unavailing, struggle to avert the inevitable."

When Watts returned to England after his second honeymoon in 1886, the Tate Gallery version of *Love and Death* was put upon the easel. Mrs. Watts tells that the painter saw that, owing to some subtle changes in line or tone, the figure of Death had neither the weight nor the slow movement he desired. Day after day he thought and toiled, each fold of the silver grey robe of

Death being deliberately reconsidered, "a hair's breadth of line or a breath of colour making the difference that a pause or an accentuated word would make in speaking." By raising the outstretched arm, a less judicial and severe impression was conveyed; so the action was changed from "I shall" to the more tender "I am compelled." The shadow on the left of the figure, by emphasising the spinal line stretching from the bowed head to the heel, greatly helps the design, as may be seen in a very interesting series of photographs taken by Mr. Frederick Hollyer while the picture was still in the making in Watts's studio. The colour scheme, too, is in beautiful harmony with the theme, the golden browns of autumn and the silvery greys of winter, mingling with the green shadows of Death's white robe and the rose and greens of the flowers and the wings of Love.

The third of the trilogy, *Love Triumphant*, was finished in 1900, at the end of Watts's life. Time and Death, having travelled together through the ages, are in the end overthrown and Love rises alone on immortal wing. Of *Love Triumphant* the painter himself tells us that Time—constructor and destroyer—sinks and falls; Death sleeps who once put all to sleep; Love alone triumphant spreads his wings, rising to see his native home, his abiding place. Thought upon a kindred theme found expression in *Time, Death and Judgment*, a picture which was long in the making and exists in several forms, including the well-known oil-painting in the nave of St. Paul's Cathedral and the interesting mosaic which Watts presented to St. Jude's, Whitechapel, where it was placed on an outer wall of the church, facing the street. Time, as a youth of unfailing strength and vigour, moves hand in

hand with Death, a womanly figure of power and beauty in her robes of silver-grey and green, while, in the clouds above, is the crimson-clad figure of Judgment, armed with the attributes of Eternal Law. When *Time, Death, and Judgment* was shewn at the New Gallery in the summer of 1896 this motto was inscribed above the frame. 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest'—a variation upon the moral theme in *Aspiration*. On an adjoining pier of the great arch between the dome and the nave of Saint Paul's hangs *Peace and Goodwill*. Peace is an exile from her home but a queenly figure, who despite her bruised and bleeding feet turns wearily towards the dawn of a happier world, which the son upon her knees may yet inherit. Mercifully, Watts was spared the

tragedy of the World War, but, remembering some of the pictures acquired by the Imperial War Museum, his countrymen may well regret that his gentle guidance and insight were denied them during those years when sacrifice and greed, achievement and death mingled so strangely amid the tangled warp of our island story.

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La Rochefoucauld has said that there are two things upon which mankind cannot look fixedly—the sun and death. Among the English painters it was Turner who revealed the full glory of sunlight. At his life's end, it was a joy to Watts that he had done something to remove the terror from death. Unlike the greater Greeks, unlike some modern men of science, Watts could not accept the time between the cradle and the grave as self-sufficing. In his *Hope* he

pictured humanity beset with obstinate questionings and told of the misgivings of a creature moving about in worlds not realised. Hope had painfully won her way above the world of effort, until a single star told of the infinity of starland beyond and the singing of a solitary chord gave promise of a time when octaves upon octaves of golden strings should be added to Hope's poor lyre. The apparent wastefulness of life made Watts treasure the thought of death. When he heard of Matthew Arnold's death he said, "And people who are like chips in porridge go on living." As Watts saw the final puzzle, the very incompleteness of life may be the surest argument for that other existence. Life here, with its murmurs of the mighty waters rolling evermore, cannot be all that man is intended to know; he must reach perfection and finality elsewhere.

In the pictures treating of Death we come

Compton Gallery

DEATH, THE MESSENGER (STUDY)

G. F. WATTS

most near to the full philosophy of the painter-poet. *The Messenger*, in the Manchester Whitworth Institute and the Tate Gallery, pictures the Messenger of Death bringing rest after a life of strenuous toil and achievement. At the feet of the dying man in his orange-red robes are the mallet and palette of the arts, the book and the violin. The outworn man hears the call, and opening his eyes, he finds not the Death he expected, but a kindly Consoler, bearing in her arms a little child—the dying man's real self—whom the Messenger will nurse into perfection in the fuller life beyond the grave.

Even in the passing of a little child—the saddest form of death—Watts found a compensation. It was in July 1886 that Watts asked his second wife to marry him. He was sixty-nine and there was a momentary doubt as to what friends might think of the union between the master and his pupil. It was

agreed that, for a while, nothing should be said of the engagement, and the bride went to stay with her brother in Scotland. During the visit a little son of the house fell from his pony and after a month's illness died. Mrs. Watts wrote to the painter telling him the story. He replied, " I could hardly read your letter for very pity. I feel with you to have suffered a personal loss." Being himself ill in bed, he asked for a pencil and drew a tiny sketch for the stricken mother. In a covering letter to Mrs. Watts, he described the sketch as the Angel of Death with a child in her lap, on whose head she is placing a circlet—Death the Angel crowning Innocence. The finished picture, a colour symphony in the moss-greens of earth and the blues of night, was among those which Watts refused to sell. Choosing that the Silent Angel of Pity should comfort the many rather than the few, he gave it to the nation.

This was life unfulfilled. In the *Sic Transit,* Watts laid a chaplet upon the bier of one who passed away rich in honour and achievement. In the dim light of a death chamber lies one wrapped in a great shroud : the laurel of victory and other tokens of glorious human life are near by ; the helmet with its peacock's plume, the lute, the jewelled cup and the book. On the canvas Watts wrote :—

> What I spent, I had.
> What I saved, I lost.
> What I gave, I have.

It was the conception of Death, the friend, rather than Death, the foe, which Watts strove to impress upon the imagination of his fellow-men and, as the truth in its broadest aspect was the truth upon which Watts loved to dwell, he pictured the power of Death as impersonal.

Very few have reached the philosophic

position of Epicurus who could say, "Why should death concern me, since when it is I am not and when I am it is not." But there is a richer and a deeper belief which transcends the instinctive agony of the moment of parting. It is beautifully expressed in Bartholomé's Monument to the Dead in Père Lachaise, in which he carved the Angel of Immortality holding open the door of the symbolic tomb as she looks with kindly sympathy upon the sleeping forms at her feet—a man, a woman and their one year old child, united in life and not divided in death. The inscription is from Isaiah :—

"The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined."

Technical criticism of such a work is out of place here, but this may be said. In no respect is the treatment realistic, nor, on the

contrary, is it classical, save in the postponement of physical to spiritual anguish. The *Monument aux Morts* is strikingly modern in execution, the naturalism in the modelling of the limbs being akin to the methods by which the sculptors of to-day are expressing their thought and feeling in other branches of the art. But the real beauty of the work lies in the absence of every suggestion of individualism. It is truly a "Monument Aux Morts"—to the Mighty Dead,—and tells of an artist who might, or might not, have been stirred by the sufferings of an individual but who, at any rate, was inspired to a work of lasting worth by the common defeat or common victory in which we must all share.

The difficulties which Watts faced and the difficulties which the artists of to-day must face are mental and spiritual as well as

material. Humanity has been caught in the undertow of a civilization which, with all its material excellences, is essentially non-spiritual. It is doubtful if the experience of a man or woman to-day is greater than it was a couple of centuries ago when folk were really familiar with the fields, woods and hills of their own district and really knew those who lived in their own village, and worshipped in their own parish church. The modern trouble is that, at once, we see too much and too little. In every direction we find it difficult to secure those sure, concrete visions of nature and humanity which have always been the best food for the imagination and the basis of the greatest art efforts. Living at a time not far removed from our own, Watts sought to establish a harmony between his countrymen and the All of Things, which is real knowledge. He did this without abandoning the tested

methods of his craft and without throwing aside the old-time faith. Though he may not claim full success, and though the problems he faced were not entirely our problems, there is comfort and inspiration in the conception of history and life which he evolved and which he expressed in an art based upon beauty and honest labour. His example assures us that painting can still catch from fleeting time the calm of blest eternity. Above all, his example gives assurance that from the shattering of the old beliefs, a more enlightened philosophy may arise.

The All-pervading, painted about 1899 or 1900, the picture of the brooding angel dominant over, and yet immanent in, the universe, symbolised by the sphere in its hands, was the seer's final expression of his vision of deity. Mindful of the electrons which circle around the nucleus of the ninety-

two elemental atoms, the God of Watts was also mindful of Sirius, of Betelgeuse, and the myriad marvels of the Milky Way. Like many modern men and women, Watts could not see Creation as the work of the kindly, white-bearded patriarch of earlier imagination. The Godhead must be regarded as immanent in the world and humanity, if *Chaos*, the Eve trilogy and the pictures of Love, Life and Death are to be understood. To Watts, Creation was a breath issuing from God which became matter. " If I were ever," he said, " to make a symbol of Deity it would be as a great vesture into which everything that exists is woven." Watts illustrated his idea of the conflict between force and gravitation by the shuttle which has to go backwards and forwards to create the web, an idea which coincided happily with his vision of all creation as the garment of God. Passing from time to eternity, he could

conceive of a state of happiness when human beings become one without loss of individual consciousness, just as a woven piece of linen is one, though composed of an infinite number of strands.

It is because the faith of Watts was one which a deist of to-day can accept that we may affirm his essential popularity, in the sense that he offered his countrymen, what the best of them are always seeking—a clue to the riddle of existence. The artist who deliberately refuses to satisfy this craving may please for an hour ; he may flourish for a decade ; but consciously or unconsciously, the truly great artist has always been obsessed with interests beyond those of an idle hour. Titian and Tintoretto ; Michelangelo, Raphael and Da Vinci ; Rubens, Rembrandt, and Velasquez ; Reynolds and Turner ; Alfred Stevens and Alfred Gilbert. Men of this kind have been the torch bearers

of humanity. Falling, each has flung his burning brand to the runner that followed, and because they expressed more than their individual moods, they are, or they will be, of the number the mass of the people will seek to understand.

Why boggle over the word "popular"—of the people? Serving his public never troubled the craftsman of old; the person who is harmed is the professional gentleman of to-day. When Verrocchio sold his wares in Florence, he was willing to adapt himself to the communal mind. So was Phidias. Yet the professional painter or sculptor of to-day too often merely plays upon the whims of a section. It may be the section which asks him to dinner; it may be the claque which crowds the studio on Show Sunday. But working with a faith in the value of his message for the whole body of his countrymen, the artist will find that many whom he

believed blind, can see. Speaking at Cambridge some years ago Sir Arthur Quiller Couch defined the relation between the artist and the ordinary man of the people thus: 'As we dwell here between two mysteries of the soul within and an ordered universe without, so among us are granted to dwell certain men of more delicate intellectual fibre than their fellows; men whose minds have as it were filaments to intercept, apprehend, conduct, translate home to us stray messages between these two mysteries.' These men are the artist-seers and the purpose of their creation is revelation. Craft is the means by which they achieve their end, and without adequate craftsmanship they must fail. But those who have the needful powers of hand and mind may rightly desire that their revelation should be to the many and not to the few. Though there is no universal test of great art, there is none

more generally applicable than the test which Ferrier devised for philosophical truth—'For all and not for some.'

This may be said in conclusion. Though it would be difficult to rate the example of the poet-painter too highly, it is easy to overstate the case when determining the place of Watts among the great artists of all ages. At times the hand of the painter distrusted its power to express the visions of the mind and heart. Not always did Watts's designs reveal true pictorial invention, as in the remorseless movement of the robed figure of Death or the passionate abandon of the sorrowing Eve. In the man himself there was a certain humourlessness. He had not the sweet bloodedness, say of Burne-Jones, of whom it has been said that he was a man you were happy with. Watts aroused noble thoughts and the desire for high endeavour in those

with whom he came in contact, but not all the careless joy that is to be found in common things. We see his gentle spirit moving through the green shades of Limbo with Homer, with Heraclitus, and with Plato—one of them, but a listener always. Watts claimed kinship with the great poets ; he did not claim equality. He had not the insatiable curiosity which is a primary attribute of the world-genius. The fact that he was seldom at enmity with the world, entailed the loss of a certain intensity which arises from struggle and defeat, as, in even greater artists, it arises from struggle and triumph. For these reasons, the imagination of Watts seldom reached the impassioned glow which gives complete fusion between the material and the spiritual. Nor had he the sublime faith in his powers with which a great age can endow an artist. The serenity of Phidias, of Shakespeare, was not for Watts,

perhaps because Watts sought consciously, while they were unconscious.

The value of the example of Watts is rather to be found in his belief in the artist as an instrument of God. Watts never forgot that he was working for men and women, each with an immortal soul. He judged he was painting the commonplace when he failed to reveal the one thing worthy of discovery. If the endowment of our painter had to be gathered into a phrase it would be that he had the divine gift of enthusiasm, enthusiasm which Emerson characterised as "the height of man, the passing from the human to the divine"; enthusiasm which has been even more beautifully defined as "God breaking into visibility through a human life."

Faith in a religious creed is not a necessary condition to the well-being of a great poet or painter, but faith in something is essential.

Harnessed to our work-a-day labours we feel the play of our muscles and the effort of the mind, though the totality of things is beyond our comprehension and only to be apprehended by faith. Religion is one expression of the inner life which beats in harmony with the Creator ; art is another. For those who would recreate the god-like mood in which the Creator endowed humanity with a measure of his own infinite powers, art and religion are one. The painter is content with the earthbound thing, in as much as his concern is with what men can handle and see, but he also seeks to reveal a God-given life ; to display God-given energies. Art allows us to live with Phidias on the Acropolis, with Fra Angelico in the shady cloisters of San Marco, or with Leonardo, in the bare council chamber of the Signorial Palace at Florence. Were it not for art most of us would pass into the shadowland

without ever knowing the full endowments of the human mind and heart.

Lacordaire once said " God is not coming into your life at the tail of an argument." Nor is art. Nevertheless the proposition with which this study commenced shall be justified. Art must again be recognised as the expression of the All of Human Experience and this unity of the knowable will be restored to the world when art is granted once more its due place in social life. Rightly understood history is the story of the effort of the creative force to arrive at something which is only realised in man, and even in man only imperfectly. When a sufficiency of simple food and clothing was secured, man made his first step towards a knowledge of this creative effort. A grave has been unearthed in the Dordogne Valley in which a Mousterian hunter was laid to rest. Heavy jawed, chinless, with snout-like nose and a

marked ridge extending across his forehead from temple to temple, he had risen little higher than the beasts with whom he herded. Yet with the body were laid fragments of red ochre, offerings of food and well-fashioned flint tools for use in the spirit world. Already science and religion went hand in hand and together made art. Among the artists of our time to whom the same vision was vouchsafed, is the subject of this study. The sonnet, in which Swinburne summed up the best that his countrymen could say of George Frederic Watts, was no more than the artist's due :—

High thought and hallowed love, by faith made one,
Begat and bare the sweet strong-hearted child,
Art, nursed by Nature ; earth and sea and sun
Saw Nature then more god-like as she smiled.
Life smiled on Death, and Death on Life ; the Soul
Between them shone and soared above their strife
And left on Time's unclosed and starry scroll
A sign that quickened death to deathless life.

Peace rose like Hope, a patient queen, and bade
Hell's first-born, Faith, abjure her creed and die ;
And love, by life and death made sad and glad,
Gave Conscience ease and watched Good Will pass
by.
All these make music now of one man's name,
Whose life and age are one with love and fame.

APPENDIX I

List of Pictures by Watts in British Galleries open to the Public.

London: Royal Academy (Diploma Gallery).

"My punishment is greater than I can bear."
The Death of Cain (1886).
Lord Leighton (1890).
Portrait of the Artist (1864).

London: National Portrait Gallery.

683. Lord Lyndhurst.
684. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe.
685. Lord Lyons.
895. Earl Russell.
1000. Matthew Arnold.
1001. Robert Carlyle.
1002. Thomas Carlyle.
1003. Sir Andrew Clark (1894).
1004. Sir Charles Hallé.
1005. Lord Lawrence.
1006. Sir A. Henry Layard.
1007. Earl of Lytton (Owen Meredith).
1008. Cardinal Manning (1882).
1009. John Stuart Mill.
1010. Sir Anthony Panizzi.
1011. D. G. Rossetti (1865).
1012. Earl of Shaftesbury (1882).

1013. Viscount Sherbrooke (1882).
1014. Sir Henry Taylor.
1015. Lord Tennyson.
1016. Thomas Wright.
1049. Lord Leighton (1881).
1078. William Morris (1880).
1126. W. E. Gladstone (1865).
1127. Sir John Grant.
1251. Dr. James Martineau (1874).
1263. 8th Duke of Argyll.
1324. Dean Milman.
1349. Lord Salisbury (1884).
1350. W. E. Lecky (1878).
1406. G. F. Watts (unfinished).
1542. A. C. Swinburne.
George, Marquess of Ripon (1895).
Walter Crane (1891).

LONDON: NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK.

1561. Portrait of the Artist (1864).
1585. Psyche.
1630. Mammon (Dedicated to his Worshippers) (1885).
1631. The Dweller in the Innermost.
1632. "For he had great possessions" (1895).
1633. Dray Horses (1864).
1634. The Minotaur.
1635. Death Crowning Innocence.
1636. Jonah (1895).
1637. The Spirit of Christianity (1875).
1638. "Sic Transit Gloria Mundi" (1892).
1639. Faith.
1640. Hope (1885).

1641. Love and Life.
1642. "She shall be called Woman" (1892).
1643. Eve Tempted.
1644. Eve Repentant.
1645. Love and Death.
1646. The Messenger.
1647. Chaos.
1687. The All Pervading.
1692. Love Triumphant (1900).
1693. Time, Death and Judgment.
1894. The Court of Death (Finished on his 86th Birthday).
1913. A Story from Boccaccio.
1920. Life's Illusions.
1983. Echo (1843).
2682. Portrait of a Gentleman.

On Loan from the Compton Gallery.

Bacchante.
Farringford.
Freshwater.
Hon. A. Spring-Rice.
In Asia Minor—Budrum.
Jacob and Esau.
Lady Garvagh.
Lady Lilford.
Loch Ness.
Miss Mildmay.
Moorland, Inverness-shire.
Off Corsica.
Portrait Study of a Girl.
Sea Ghost.

The Countess Somers.
The Land of Weissnichtwo.
Undine.
Whence and Whither.

LONDON: NATIONAL GALLERY, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

1654. Right Hon. Russell Gurney.
On Loan: Orpheus and Eurydice.

LONDON: THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM (SOUTH KENSINGTON).

1. The Window Seat (1861). Ionides Collection.
2. Daphne's Bath. Ionides Collection.
The Ionides Family (Ten Pictures).
39. Thomas Carlyle (1868). Forster Collection.
Portrait of A. Legros.

LONDON: ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

Time, Death and Judgment.
Peace and Goodwill.

BIRMINGHAM: MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY.

843. A Roman Lady.
844. Little Red Riding Hood (1890).

BURY: CITY ART GALLERY.

192. Portrait of Mr. Thomas Wrigley (1875).

EDINBURGH: NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND.

932. Mischief (1878).

GUILDFORD: THE WATTS GALLERY, COMPTON.

1. Study of a Donkey's Head.
2. The Mid-day Rest.
3. Garibaldi.
4. Gill.
6. Dawn.
7. Europa.
8. Bacchanal.
9. The Condottieri.
10. Esau.
11. Building of the Ark.
12. Love Steering the Boat of Humanity.
13. The Messenger of Peace.
14. Peace and Goodwill.
15. Orpheus and Eurydice.
16. In Asia Minor.
17. Lady Godiva.
18. Watford Railway Bridge.
19. J. S. Copley, Baron Lyndhurst.
20. P. H. Calderon, R.A.
21. His Late Majesty King Edward VII.
22. Right Hon. Gerald Balfour.
23. G. F. Watts, R.A., O.M.
24. The Sisters.
25. Miss Rachel Gurney.
26. The Standard Bearer.
27. A Sketch.
28. The Earl of Shrewsbury.
29. The Triumph of St. George.
30. Iris.
31. A Dedication.
32. Orlando and the Witch.
33. Britomart.

34. The Sun, Earth, and her Dead Daughter, The Moon.
35. Fiesole from Careggi.
36. Eve. A Trilogy.
38. Prince de Joinville.
40. A Boy's Head.
41. A Copy (1831).
42. Little Miss Hopkins (1836).
44. Miss Marietta Lockhart (1846).
45. The Wounded Heron.
46. Blondel.
47. Very Early Study.
48. Midsummer Night's Dream.
49. The Drowning of the Doctor of Lorenzo dei Medici (1846).
50. Peasant and Child.
51. A Derbyshire Cottage.
52. A Hawking Scene.
53. A Study from Nature.
54. Touchstone.
55. The Song of the Shirt.
56. Sympathy.
57. Right Hon. John Burns.
58. The Irish Famine.
59. Found Drowned.
60. Under a Dry Arch.
61. John Stuart Mill.
62. George Andrews.
63. The Idle Child of Fancy.
64. Mrs. Josephine Butler.
65. Claude Goldsmid Montefiore, M.A.
66. A Parasite.
67. Seen from the Train.
68. A Fair Saxon.

69. Chaos.
70. The First Oyster.
71. Orpheus and Eurydice.
72. Arcadia.
73. Evolution.
74. Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox.
75. Miss May Prinsep.
76. The Prodigal Son.
78. Lord Campbell.
79. The Prodigal Son.
80. Professor Flinders Petrie.
81. Industry of Greed.
82. Miss Wedderburn.
83. Mrs. Langtry.
84. The Magdalen at the Foot of the Cross.
85. Right Hon. Charles Booth.
86. Naples.
87. The Wine Bearer.
88. Aristides and the Shepherds.
89. Study of a Child's Head.
90. A Study in Armour.
91. A Study from the Nude.
92. A Study of a Helmet.
93. Surrey Woodland.
94. Ophelia.
95. Sunset on the Alps.
96. The Sower of the Systems.
97. The End of the Day.
98. Mother and Child.
99. Eve Repentant.
100. Lucy.
101. Destiny.
102. Eve Tempted.

103. Study for the Curse of Cain.
104. Angel removing the Curse of Cain.
105. Miss Mary Anderson.
107. Uldra.
108. The Sphinx.
109. The Genius of Greek Poetry.
110. Endymion.
111. Olympus on Ida.
112. Prometheus.
113. The Nixies' Foster Daughter.
114. The Creation of Eve.
115. The Denunciation of Adam and Eve.
116. Paolo and Francesca.
117. Love Triumphant.
118. A Recording Angel.
119. H. T. Prinsep.
120. The Earth.
121. The Court of Death.
122. After the Deluge.
123. The Slumber of the Ages.
124. Outcast of Goodwill.
125. The Spirit of Christianity.
126. Study for Love and Life.
127. Green Summer.
128. Petraja, Near Florence.
129. Progress.
130. Lilian.
131. Right Hon. William E. Gladstone.
132. A Fugue.
133. J. Joachim.
134. Ganymede.
135. Near Brighton.

IRELAND: THE NATIONAL GALLERY AND NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

279. Portrait Sketch of the Hon. Mrs. Norton.

LEEDS: CITY ART GALLERY.

295. Artemis.

LEICESTER: CITY ART GALLERY.

51. Orlando pursuing the Fata Morgana.

LIVERPOOL: THE WALKER ART GALLERY.

638. Naples.
639. Cupid Asleep.
640. Promises.

MANCHESTER: CITY ART GALLERY.

412. The Good Samaritan.
413. Charles A. Rickards, Esq.
414. Prayer.
415. Paolo and Francesca.
416. The Hon. John Lothrop Motley.

MANCHESTER: THE WHITWORTH INSTITUTE.

Love and Death (1877).
Death Crowning Innocence (1890).
Hope (1891).
Out of the Storm.
Message of Peace (1891).
Time, Death and Judgment.
Love and Life (1890).

OXFORD : THE ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM.
The Carrara Mountains.

AUSTRALIA : ADELAIDE GALLERY.
Lord Tennyson (1890) (In Peer's Robes).

AUSTRALIA : MELBOURNE NATIONAL GALLERY.
Lord Tennyson (1857).

SCULPTURE.

NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK.
1768. Clytie (Bronze bust).

KENSINGTON GARDENS. LONDON.
Physical Energy (Bronze equestrian statue).

LINCOLN CLOSE.
Statue of Tennyson (1905).

APPENDIX II

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